the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Banfield Returns
by Christopher De Muth

From Language to Cant
by Arnold Beichman

Capitalism and Its Milieu
by Thomas Molnar

The Client Nobody Knew
by Benjamin Stein

Also:

Max Geltman Karl O'Lessker Henry Regnery
Thomas Szasz Siegfried Weisberger

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The Continuing Crisis

GIBBON NEVER saw the like of it! It is indubitably the ugliest piece of household furniture since the torture board, and yet for twenty years the average Americano has been mysteriously drawn to it in an irrational nocturnal procession suggesting that we who snicker at devotees of the occult may not have the last snicker.

■ At any rate the idiot box has been giving Americans a voluptuous basting for such a long time that they now appear to be genuinely addicted to regular jolts of gory spectacle. They are demanding from life the same gorgeous traumatizing they are getting from their art, and the four weeks of calm following Mr. Ford's investiture were apparently too much for them. By September 8th they were yearning for another shot of trauma when President Ford pardoned Mr. Nixon for any possible illegality he may have committed during the Watergate unpleasantness. What highjinks ensued!

■ Instantly the same old mobs were marching in the streets, and all the moral engines were hissing, sputtering, and extruding their familiar gasses. All those virtuous pols, who only days before had been gazing skyward in pious gratitude for the passing of Watergate and the emerging spirit of conciliation, were bellowing about treachery in high places and showing stupendous ingenuity in confecting grave and complicated questions of legality and justice.

■ In his untimely venture into Christian charity Mr. Ford stated his fear that the trial of Mr. Nixon would "cause prolonged and divisive debate over the propriety of exposing to further punishment and degradation a man who has already paid the unprecedented penalty of relinquishing the highest elective office in the United States." He was hoping that his action would preserve "the tranquility to which this nation has been restored." But poor Mr. Ford, whose thoughts in late August and early September had been of amnesty, obviously did not understand how a people addicted to traumatic spectacle felt about tranquility and conciliation. The incomparable Senator Teddy Kennedy (D.–Mass.), having just returned from his home state where he had been driven from a stage and pelted with eggs and tomatoes for his busing votes, declared that Mr. Ford's "instincts are clearly out of touch with the vast majority of the people." Senator Birch Bayh (D.–Ind.) judged that Mr. Ford was destroying "200 years of history and tradition of equal justice for all." Representative Jerome Waldie (D.–Calif.) doubted that President Ford was capable of governing, and Representative John Conyers (D.–Mich.), ever the practical statesman, called for Mr. Ford's impeachment, as did various mobs around the country.

■ But these were not the only mountebanks whipping up spectacles in late August and early September. There was the spectacle near Twin Falls, Idaho, where an idiot littered garbage all over the Snake River Canyon during his celebrated failure to soar over it in a steam rocket. Despite his botch he wobbled off with six million dollars for wowing the gulls. And thrill-addicted Americanoes got a good brisk trepanning in other locales too.

■ They got it in Oakland, California, compliments of Mr. Huey Newton, humanitarian from the streets. Mr. Newton became a fugitive from the law when he failed to appear in an Oakland court to face charges growing out of a remarkable spree of humanitarianism, which included pummeling two black gendarmes who refused his offer of free drinks, pausing on a street corner to bash a young black girl with his nonviolent revolver before shooting her in the head, and finally, pistol-whipping his fifty-two-year-old black tailor, Preston Callins, when the commoner impertinently got palsy-walsy and called Mr. Newton "baby" during a fitting in the young reformer's sumptuous penthouse apartment.

■ They got it at the American Bar Association, compliments of U.S. Attorney George Beall, defender of public virtue. So inspirational was Mr. Beall's lecture to the ABA on "Public Morality" that the *Washington Post* published excerpts from it under the headline "Essays on Ethics," only to discover that the idealistic Mr. Beall's eloquence had been plagiarized from an *American Scholar* essay by Mr. Vermont Royster. Such is the integrity of the erudite U.S. Attorney who prosecuted Mr. Spiro Agnew and in so doing ushered in a whole new era of probity in politics.

■ But there is other news to report. On August 16th a subpoena was issued on former president Richard M. Nixon at the request of a lawyer for Mr. John D. Ehrlichman, and not a month had passed before Emperor Haile Selassie was denied his feathers. President Ford designated Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, a retired New York politician and art collector, as his choice for the vice presidency after a brief White House meeting. Boston's Mr. Jim Randi spent forty-four minutes sealed in a cake of ice. Mr. Ford later called together twenty-eight economists to discuss inflation, and in Toledo, Ohio Mr. Maury (Steamtrain Maury) Graham, the retired King of the Hoboes, (no relation to the *Washington Post's* Katharine Graham) revealed grim economic news when he stated that hoboes, who for years have charted inflation by the length of discarded cigar and cigarette butts, now find the "people are smoking 'em clear down to the end."

■ Nevertheless prospects for the world's future brightened when U.N. Secretary General Kurt Waldheim warned that social and economic perplexities threaten the world with "a crisis of extraordinary dimensions." And in New Delhi, egg still encrusts the faces of many a high government panjandrum. Three hundred foreign intellectuals, including Noam Chomsky, Simone de Beauvoir, and Howard Zinn, have signed a protest condemning India, long regarded as the Aunt Jane of world humanism, for nothing less than the incarceration and torture of political prisoners. Will dirty tricks never end?

■ On a more hopeful note, young Mr. Elmer Wayne Henley, now convicted of the homosexual torturing and murder of six teenage boys, is embarking on one of the most extensive studies of sociology and the Bible ever undertaken. It could last 594 years, for it will run simultaneously with his 594-year prison sentence. Police in Bloomington, Indiana are still investigating the unfortunate and unusual case of Mr. Hiram McIntosh who was mistaken for a squirrel and shot three times. Mr. McIntosh is recovering.

■ The Turks and the Greek Cypriots are still at odds, as are the Democrats, who met in Kansas City to confirm the suspicion that they learned nothing from the last election. And from Newark comes proof that blacks really are entering the middle class, for it was in that lovely city that black Mayor Kenneth A. Gibson was embarrassed by several days of public disturbance and rampage from the Puerto Rican minority. Finally, from Atlantic City comes one of the most unsurprising demands ever made by a lady liberationist or at least a women's liberationist. Representative Bella Abzug (D.–N.Y.), the baby bulldog of the U.S. House of Representatives, has demanded a new standard of beauty for women. Put that down as a dramatic example of conflict of interest, and move on.

■ For many years the Miss America Contest has appeared to be a pretty puerile affair, and so it would have come off this year when the winner, Miss Shirley Cothran, entranced the contest's High and Mighties with a flute recital of "Bumble Boogie," had it not been for the moronic interlopers from the National Organization for Women who staged a "Wonder Woman Parade" on the same day as the Miss America Pageant. They then settled down to grouse and moan at their "Wonder Women Conference," a conference whose eponym is drawn from one of the principal intellectual wellsprings of "the movement," the comic book series "Wonder Woman"—and so life continues to imitate art in the supermarket Republic. □

Editor in Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.; **Publisher:** Baron Von Kannon of the Saturday Evening Club; **Circulation Manager:** Ronald E. Burr; **Managing Editor:** Adam Meyerson; **Assistant Managing Editor:** Joyce Goldberg; **Production Manager:** Joseph K. DeLapp II; **Senior Editors:** Terry Krieger, William Kristol, Rev. George Nathan; **Executive Secretary:** JoAnn Bradley; **Alien Contributors:** Eric Brodin, Carl Miller, Judy Tyrrell; **Art Advisor:** Elliott Banfield; **Associates:** David Brudnoy, Jameson G. Campaigne, Jr., D.W. Cooper, John R. Coyne, Jr., James Grant, Peter Hughes, Alan Reynolds, Roger D. Tyrrell; **Art:** Gustave Doré, Eric Lohnaas; **Americana Editor:** P.D. Tyrrell; **Contributors:** Aram Bakshian, Jr., Frank W. Blatchford III, A. Lawrence Chickering, J.P. Duggan, Jerry Gerde, Neil Howe, John Kelly, W. Wesley McDonald, Robert McTiernan, Gary North, Terry O'Rourke, Marc F. Plattner, G.W. Plunkitt, Peter J. Rusthoven, C. Bascom Slemp, Benjamin Stein, J. Whitney Stillman, David Tudor, Richard S. Wheeler, Timothy J. Wheeler

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Contributors

Arnold Beichman, author of *Nine Lies about America*, is visiting professor of politics at the University of British Columbia . . . **David Brudnoy** is a television commentator with "CBS Spectrum" and a free-lance writer . . . **Christopher De Muth**, now a Chicago lawyer, was staff assistant to President Nixon in 1969–70, with a special purview of OEO, Model Cities, and welfare . . . **Max Geltman**, author of *Confrontation*, is working on a major study of Ezra Pound . . . **Paul Gottfried** is chairman of the history department at Rockford College . . . **David Keene** is executive assistant to Senator James Buckley . . . **Thomas Molnar** is professor of French literature at Brooklyn College and of history at Long Island University. A review of his latest book, *God and the Knowledge of Reality*, will appear in a coming issue of this magazine . . . **Karl O'Lessker** teaches politics in the School of Public and Environmental Affairs at Indiana University. He was previously staff director of the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments. . . . **Ralph Raico** teaches history at the State University of New York College at Buffalo . . . **Henry Regnery** is chairman of the Henry Regnery Publishing Company and a trustee and vice president of the Chicago Symphony . . . **Peter J. Rusthoven** has just been named an editor of the *Harvard Law Review* . . . **C. Bascom Slemp** is our Washington correspondent . . . **Benjamin Stein** is a free-lance writer living in Washington . . . **Thomas S. Szasz**, professor of psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse, New York, has written many books on the ethics of psychiatry and psychoanalysis . . . **Siegfried Weisberger**, founder of Peabody's Bookstore, is one of the few wise men still with us in America.

The Alternative was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic beer in McSorley's Old Ale House. Originally published on restroom walls, only since 1967 has it come under purview of the Saturday Evening Club which publishes it monthly except July and September. One year subscriptions (ten issues) cost $6.00 and all correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to The Alternative, *P.O. Box 877, 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.*

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A Theory of Progress

WHEN THE STENTORIAN voice of science speaks, a deep, rolling thunder lumbers out of the heavens and most Americans piously bow their heads. It is a stunning show of compliance that has left many an evangelist perspiring with envy. It is the awe of automobile salesmen, and politicians now resort to the certitudes of science ("political science") with an increasing frequency that is at once an indication of their acuity and a reminder of their talent for mischief. In America if one can speak from an ambience of test tubes and slide rules, in a language full of statistics and jargon, one has an inside track to the pocketbook of every semi-educated lunkhead in the land. So why is it that reformers and revolutionaries alike show such insouciance to the doctors of anthropology?

For many years these diligent students of mankind have continued to elaborate on one simple truth, to wit, man's enduring ability to adapt to changing physical conditions. Let blizzards pelt him and ages of ice engulf him; he grows hair and burrows deeper into his cave. Let an unfriendly sun scorch the flora and fauna from his presence; he pulls his threadbare rag across his bony chest and plods submissively onward. Let his friends in the animal kingdom evolve into brutes the size of Oldsmobiles, possessed of humors that would shock even Congresswoman Abzug, and he huddles with his colleagues waiting for an opportunity to strike a multitude of puny blows whose influence is, in the aggregate, mortal and a prelude to lunch. It is one of the salient qualities distinguishing man from the pterodactyl of yore—he adapts. And we have this rule from no less irrefragable an authority than the American Anthropological Association.

Still there seem to be many highly influential Americans who doubt its validity, and their tardiness at facing up to the consequences of this anthropological axiom puzzles me. Perhaps they drink the same mysterious stuff that so besotted philosophical inebriates like Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Karl Marx, and—bringing it all back home—the dope McGovern; nevertheless they all seem adamantinely confident that a dramatic restructuring of our environment will make man into something sweeter than he is, will make him into something other than the perpetual grumbler, the timeless flummoxer, the jackass of the Old Testament. Alas, despite the prodigies of science many Americans of influence and prestige still cling to the benighted notion that, with a little social engineering here, a little fine tuning there, man will become something other than the dangerous rascal that our Founding Fathers remonstrated against and our Constitution endeavors to preserve us from. Well, with all due respect I offer them a chorus of raspberries and a symphony of guffaws. They would present a more dignified and intelligent spectacle groveling before the thrones of science than ignoring the historical record.

Ice Ages come and Ice Ages go; through it all man adapts. In the American Republic the citizenry slogs on under one ridiculous Congress after another. Come New Deals and Great Societies, come abominations like the New American Revolution, and still the common folk pay through the nose. The bill may take on the dimensions of a brontosaurus, yet they merely huddle together and await their chance. Man endures. Franklin was able to live with Eleanor, and Ladybird endured Lyndon. *New Republic* subscribers go on subscribing to The *New Republic* though through all of its pages howl the commotions of Jeremiah; all its writers simmer in frustration and gloom. Men can put up with practically anything, and basically they remain unchanged. They lived through the Depression; they lived through the Nixonian glory. They remained unchanged.

Yet still there are those busybodies who exhort us to improve ourselves, and some even want to go beyond a modest reform. "Society is in need of fundamental change," they say. "Modern man is in trouble, and only a dramatically changed society will make him lovely again." For years I have heard Professor John Kenneth Galbraith deliver up such dire notifications, and for years I thought he was only trying to peddle his books, but I have come to the conclusion he is in earnest. He really believes what he writes. He and his readers are genuinely fetched by the hope that what they call a "fundamental change in the system" will bring about a mellowing of its bilious inhabitants. How unfortunate. It is a gross misreading of the historical record, a blasphemy before science, an atrocity—for it comes from a doctor of philosophy.

For my part I proudly side with the anthropologists. No matter how devastating Professor Galbraith's plans for America might be, I am confident Americans will adapt. They were not sweetened any by the improvements they experienced in the 1960s; why should they be cheered by Professor Galbraith's more extravagant schemes? *Bah*, to fundamental change, and *bah* again to Professor Galbraith. He is a quack, attired as a charlatan, trained as a mountebank, and aspiring to be an impostor. I take my stand with the anthropologists; neither fundamental change nor the more modest changes of the 1960s overcame man's ability to adapt. And a brief consideration of some of these modest changes proves how right the anthropologists have been.

Edward Banfield tells us that in the 1960s white income rose by 69 percent and black income rose by 100 percent. Nevertheless whites are as grumpy as ever, and, if anything, blacks have become even grouchier. Mr. Banfield also tells us that housing is better and "consumption of it more than doubled in real per capita terms between 1950 and 1970." Yet Americans seem to be just as dissatisfied with their lot as ever before. In material terms and with regard to the lower forms of personal freedom, Americans today are better off than ever before, but are they different from their ancestors, are they happier or more satisfied? Not at all. They have made the adaptions demanded by affluence and the freedom to degenerate, and they are as miserable as ever.

Perhaps the most authoritative chronicler of the improvements that have bedeviled Americans in the past decade is Ben J. Wattenberg, author of the recently published book *The Real America*. As he pointed out in our June issue, "If you look carefully at the 1970 census, looking at the hard objective data of the dozen years between 1960 and 1972, you will see more social and economic progress in this country than has ever been seen before. We halved the poverty rate. The strides made in civil rights and in actual black economic progress and in black social progress in terms of integration, desegration, jobs, housing, and education are impressive . . . you can go from income to housing, to the kinds of goods we own, to what kind of houses we live in, to where we live, to the number of washers, dryers, automobiles—all the things that have really come to represent middle class life in America—and you find that in the last dozen years Americans have achieved in large measure what I have called this massive majority middle-class." Mr. Wattenberg is indubitably correct. The dozen years from 1960 to 1972 have witnessed unsurpassed social and economic progress, but they have also seen the rise of Mr. Galbraith, a consumerist lobby, a women's lobby, an ecology lobby, a homosexual lobby, a student lobby, and countless other blossomings of organized malevolence. This is a century that saw Americans move from Jim Crow to the various civil rights laws of the 1960s; from depression to the highest median income in the world; and from two world wars and two limited wars to a period of peace, yet Americans have adapted to these improvements and once again they are grousing. In fact today there are more organizations of petty grumblers than ever before. Their noisy presence mocks the meliorist promises of both the pulpiteers of reform and the heralds of revolution.

Obviously the same creature that adapted so suavely to the Ice Age can adapt to progress, affluence, and the idiot notion, equality. What makes the busybodies so frantic? Why do supposedly intelligent men tell us we shall find salvation in fundamental change? Why do politicians harangue us with their rosy tales? And why do businessmen keep extolling progress, growth, and so forth?

(continued on page 35)

Special Book Review

The Unheavenly City Revisited

by Edward C. Banfield
Little, Brown $8.95

EDWARD C. BANFIELD'S *The Unheavenly City* was published in 1970, and almost immediately it came to dominate discussion of urban policy issues in serious academic and political circles; apparently it was also bought and read by many people who were not professionally concerned with its subject, perhaps because the "urban crisis" was still moderately in fashion then. But *The Unheavenly City* was very different from most books written by college professors—especially their "policy books"—which achieve a wide popular audience. It did not exaggerate the importance of its subject, but rather questioned whether many of the most talked-about "urban problems" could properly be called problems at all, and argued that many problems which *were* serious were resolving themselves independent of—or in spite of—all public exertions. Nor was it a call to action or a brief for the author's policy proposals; although it discussed practically every urban policy idea ever advanced, its focus was on the complexity of things, and on the persistency of human nature against all attempts at manipulation by "policy."

Many who read *The Unheavenly City* were mightily disturbed by it, as Professor Banfield plainly intended them to be. Some were more or less converted and others fought back—but understood the dignity of pure intellectual battle and the importance of keeping it pure. Unfortunately, there were others: politicians (some of them disguised in sheepskin and academic robes) and public officials who were embarrassed or confounded by the book's arguments, and gangster elements on many campuses who needed a cause to stir fellow students from their post-Vietnam torpor. They made a fine hash of Professor Banfield's views and served it up to anyone who would listen, in some important respects representing his views to be precisely the opposite of what they plainly were. This spring, SDS mobilizers appeared to have found their final solution when they bullied Banfield into silence at two academic gatherings. (And why not, when tenured professors had written in scholarly journals that his ideas were not only mistaken but socially "dangerous?") A society that knew itself would have libel laws to remedy such mayhem; as it was, the result (aside from a good deal of grief to Professor Banfield) was confusion on the part of many well-meaning people who had not read the book or had read it carelessly, and distraction from the serious arguments the book had been intended to provoke.

Professor Banfield has now revised his book. *The Unheavenly City Revisited*, however, is a second edition rather than a sequel: the format, argument, and conclusions of the first are essentially unchanged. This is rather startling, and probably will disappoint many of his friends and supporters. For he could have used the occasion to clobber those who had treated him with such meanness. It must have taken saintlike restraint for him to have abstained, but anyone who devotes himself to the book will see that he was right. *The Unheavenly City* was a lapidary work, addressed to the ages and not to the humors of the time. It was and is impervious to easy or self-interested criticism, and it is surely better that Banfield does not now dignify such abuse with his attentions.

This is not to say, of course, that Banfield has neglected all of his critics. Indeed he actively solicited reasoned criticisms of his first edition, and has taken meticulous account of many of them in his revision. As a result he has elaborated upon many of his more difficult points, and has usefully simplified one of his central arguments (concerning the amenability of lower-class culture to objective changes in social opportunity). These changes have greatly clarified and strengthened his exposition at important junctures; they will reduce the chances of innocent misinterpretation and present new challenges to those who wish to lie about the book. The serious student, though, will find that Banfield's most important revision is his addition of scores of references to recent statistical studies (such as Census surveys) and scholarly works (e.g., Thomas Sowell's *Black Education* and *Race and Economics* and Christopher Jencks' *Inequality*), and his incorporation of their conclusions into the body of his argument.

Professor Banfield's essential argument is that the genuinely serious social problems of the American city are inaccessible to public (i.e. governmental) "solution" in a liberal democracy such as prevails here today. To understand this, however, one must first confront his preliminary argument that the usual public definitions of urban problems are erroneous or perverse. The two arguments, we shall see, are closely related, and both rely on the same two explanatory principles: the nature of democratic politics and the class composition of American society.

Many of the circumstances which are often said to be problems of "crisis" proportions, Banfield suggests, are really costs of city living which could be eliminated only be foregoing important benefits which no one wants to give up. It is senseless, for example, to say that "congestion" is a problem, since the opportunities of congestion are what draw people to the city in the first place; likewise it is senseless to describe "urban sprawl" as a crisis when it arises simply from providing people with homes and lots they desire at a price they can afford, and when it generally affects no one but them.

Such matters are puffed into "crises" because our democracy provides numerous opportunities for people to shift the costs of their pursuits to others by political means. A homeowner who complains about "sprawl" does not mean that the state should have prevented *his* housing development from being built, but rather that it should prevent development of the still-open land beyond his back window. The mayor who moans that his city must receive a "massive" infusion of federal funds, "or else," does not mean that his constituents have run out of money to pay the bills he has run up, but rather that they would much prefer that somebody else pay them instead.

If gravely serious problems exist in the cities, says Banfield, they must be circumstances which threaten the essential welfare of individuals or the good health of society, such as crime, poverty, and racial (or other) injustice. At this point he presents a com-

plicated and politically delicate argument. He asserts that in some respects most of these serious problems have been improving dramatically in the American city, although in other respects they are far more intractable than is generally acknowledged; he adds that the public discussion of these problems is usually misleading because, as in the case of the purely political "problems," important interest groups find it useful both to oversimplify them and to exaggerate their severity. Thus, poverty in the cities has been diminishing rapidly, and it is not concentrated in "festering black ghettos," although it serves the interest of many public institutions to emphasize precisely the opposite view. Banfield also asserts that racial discrimination, while morally repugnant and a grievous burden to blacks historically, is today only a secondary cause of the particular problems (such as disproportionate poverty and unemployment) facing the black community, although the logic of the black leader's role is to emphasize discrimination and minimize other circumstances.

Predictably these assertions were among the most controversial in *The Unheavenly City*, but the controversies generally failed to cut very deeply into Banfield's arguments. Some readers reacted with the superstition of a coach at half-time, fearing that attention to past success might jeopardize the future. Others did wrestle with Banfield's statistics, but followed rather too comically the game-plan he had written for them (thus, to his modest assertion that urban housing has been improving for all income groups, housing consultants went to unpersuasive lengths to demonstrate that housing has really been getting worse). And all around there were bald efforts to embarrass the man by dealing loosely with his arguments—telling people that he had said things like "racism isn't important" or "poverty is the poor's own fault."

The Unheavenly City Revisited will not convert these people but it does incorporate important new data and statistical studies which lend further weight to Banfield's arguments. The first edition, for example, noted that there were 13.2 million persons living in metropolitan areas whose family incomes were below the federal government's "poverty line"; in his new edition he cites the comparable figure for 1972, which was 6.1 million. (In the same period the number of poor families living in rural areas apparently *increased*, however, a circumstance which is not explained.) Six million is still a lot of people, of course, but as Banfield points out even they are for the most part very far from "hardship," thanks in part to numerous government subsidy programs for such goods as housing, food, medical care, and legal services. In any event, it is difficult to reconcile with Banfield's figures the widely-expressed notions that the cities "breed poverty" and that the urban poor are "left out" of society's general economic progress. As for Banfield's point—which could hardly have upset anyone who had come to know the life of a Bedford-Stuyvesant or a Lawndale—that it is misleading to characterize the poorest city neighborhoods as "ghettos" which are uniformly black, poor, or squalid, he has received strong support from a special Census survey in 1970–71 of fifty-one OEO/Model Cities "low-income areas" in large cities. Of nine million persons surveyed in these communities, half were black and 35 percent were non-Spanish white, three-fourths reported incomes above the poverty level, 25 percent of white families and 20 percent of black families reported family incomes over $12,000, and the racial distribution of those below the poverty level was about the same as those above it.

In his first edition Banfield argued that racial discrimination was not the *main* social disadvantage of blacks taken as a group. Their main disadvantage, he said, was the same as that once faced by other groups such as the Irish and Jews: blacks are presently "the most recent unskilled, and hence relatively low-income migrant(s) to reach the city from a backward rural area." He pointed out that the gap between black and white income, unemployment rates, and other indicators of social welfare is greatly reduced—though not eliminated—when one statistically "corrects for" demographic factors such as regional origin, family size, and educational level. He concluded that if all blacks turned white (or if all whites turned black) overnight, ex-blacks would be

somewhat better off but not much: their social and economic circumstances as a group would for the time being remain largely unchanged. Banfield's view sounded convincing to this reviewer and, I think, to most readers who did not misunderstand him to say that discrimination was "unimportant" or that inadequate education should be "ignored." His view, however, was rather long on argument and short on facts.

In *The Unheavenly City Revisited*, Banfield has added the facts. His most graphic addition is a regression analysis by Otis Dudley Duncan, which shows how the 1962 income difference between blacks and whites diminishes as four independent variables are successively accounted for. The remaining gap of $1,430, which could plausibly be attributed to discrimination, would certainly have been smaller had other variables been accounted for, and it would be smaller still if the same analysis were applied to current income figures. (This last point is suggested by recent Census surveys, not cited by Banfield, which found that for certain narrow groups—for example, young Northern couples where both husband and wife worked—blacks were approaching or had achieved income parity with whites.)

The Concept of Class Culture

That many of the cities' serious problems have in most respects been improving, it will be recalled, is only half of Banfield's argument; the other half is that in some respects these problems are more stubborn and complicated than is usually supposed. Here it is necessary to introduce, in a drastically simplified form, Banfield's use of class analysis. Society, he writes, can be divided for analytical purposes into four classes —upper, middle, working, and lower—each of which embraces persons with a distinguishing pattern of attitudes, values, and modes of behavior. As a heuristic hypothesis to account for these distinguishing patterns, Banfield suggests that an individual's class cultural position can be explained by reference to his ability or willingness to provide for the future. The upper-class individual, for example, is highly future-oriented. He takes future years, decades, or his entire lifetime into account as he gauges his present behavior; consequently he invests heavily in himself through education, foregoes present gratification when it would threaten long-range goals, and is generally prudent and altruistic in his behavior. At the other end of the scale, the lower-class individual is radically present-oriented. He hardly plans his affairs from one moment to the next, and seldom accounts for tomorrow in gauging his behavior today; for this reason he is reckless and improvident, makes no attempt to discipline his passions, and trusts his fate to luck rather than pluck.

It should be noted that Banfield's "time-horizon" hypothesis is not necessary to his use of class theory in analyzing social policies. The empirical observation that different groups in society possess different values which affect their behavior is sufficient for this. But the time-horizon idea does prove to be a powerful tool for simplifying his analysis, and it stands as an important achievement in its own right.

The existence of different class cultures greatly complicates those serious urban problems which otherwise seem to be solving themselves. Although American population has tended to "move up" the class scale over time, it is not clear that lower-class individuals have ever moved up in significant numbers (indeed, the culture itself may prevent those who are strongly lower-class from advancing at *all*), and it appears that a substantial lower class persists in all of the big cities. Moreover, a disproportionate share of the present lower class happens to be black (as a century ago it was disproportionately Irish). These circumstances mean that despite the large economic advances of the poor, many who remain poor may be not only lower-income but lower-class, and disinclined to take advantage of future economic expansion. They also mean that, despite the rapid dissipation of old-fashioned racial prejudices, expressions of *class* likes and dislikes (between working- and lower-class persons, for instance) may be mistaken as racial discrimination, poisoning race relations at a time when they ought to be improving.

It is obviously a small step from saying that because many urban problems are cul-

turally rooted, they are extremely stubborn, to saying that government agencies are unlikely to do much to relieve (much less "solve") them. And it is here that Banfield deploys his class analysis with greatest force. In his painstaking inquiries into what he regards as the most serious urban problems—poverty, joblessness, violent crime, and rioting—he shows that to the extent they are manifestations of lower-class culture, there is very little that government can be expected to do about them consistent with the ideals of a free society. If, for example, an individual's proneness to violent crime results from a radically myopic view of the future, the conservative prescriptions of increasing the severity and/or likelihood of punishment will have as little effect (because punishment, no matter how likely, is beyond his time-horizon) as the liberal ones of rehabilitation and education (because he sees no purpose in learning or otherwise "improving" himself). And preventive incarceration or lesser restrictions on his freedom, designed simply to protect others from his disposition for violence, are out of the question for both practical reasons (there is no certain way to measure disposition for violence) and ethical reasons (a free society ought not to compromise a person's freedom because of probabilities).

The Sources of Lower-Class Culture

If one believes that many important social problems result in a significant degree from cultural values such as those of Banfield's lower class, it obviously becomes terribly important to determine the extent to which those values might themselves be changed. Here, Banfield's original text created some understandable confusion. In an early chapter introducing the concept of class culture, he paid scant attention to the hot debate among sociologists on this question. Some, like Elliot Liebow in his classic study, *Tally's Corner*, look upon the "culture of poverty" as "situational," as a rational adaptation to a world of severely limited opportunities; according to this view, members of the lower class would shift their attitudes if their social and economic opportunities expanded. Others see lower-class culture as "cognitive," as an expression of psychological traits acquired in early childhood which persist independently of social circumstances; if it is "cognitive," then there is no way to change lower-class culture except by interfering with child-rearing practices, an option our society finds unacceptable. Banfield left the general impression that lower-class culture is irremediable, but in his concluding chapter on the future of the lower class, he acknowledged that present-orientedness might be either "cognitive" or "situational" (or even "volitional"), and then turned his attentions to the obviously limited possibilities of curing cognitive lower-class behavior without abridging liberties unacceptably.

This matter has been greatly clarified in the course of Banfield's revisit, though not entirely to the satisfaction of the present reviewer. Banfield now alerts us early to the two conflicting views of the causes of cultural characteristics, this time called the "social machinery" and "social heredity" arguments (not, please note, *biological* heredity, an altogether different debate which Banfield does not discuss and which he appears to regard with great dubiety). In the end Banfield concludes that the debate is more academic than practical, since human behavior tends to adapt only slowly to changes in circumstances (such as increases in social opportunity), but he does argue more explicitly than previously that increased opportunities might expand the time-horizon of many lower-class persons over the long run (meaning a generation or generations).

The idea of "expanding opportunities," however, is a hazy one which deserves more attention than Banfield has given it. For example, he cites the failure of the War on Poverty programs of the 1960s to affect the lifestyle of "the poor" (despite hefty funding in at least some cases), as an unsuccessful attempt to help the poor by changing the "opportunity structure" facing them. But it is doubtful that the example is apt. While the poverty program certainly adopted the *language* of

"economic opportunity" in fact it had little effect upon the real opportunities of the poor. The Community Action Program, which was the centerpiece of the poverty program, was intended to stimulate the poor not by expanding their opportunities but by teaching them self-confidence through participation in dramatic group action, which almost invariably meant *political* action. The program's job training and education efforts aimed not at expanding opportunities but at better preparing the poor for such opportunities as existed; in fact it was one of the principal criticisms of the program that it trained people for nonexistent job opportunities (it was said that the Job Corps transformed ten-thousand unemployed day laborers into ten-thousand unemployed stone masons), and in this it probably reinforced lower-class attitudes that *were* rational adjustments to limited opportunities. The other War on Poverty programs were simply benefits-in-kind aimed at alleviating the poor's lack of income, such as the Legal Services Program, and while it may have been imagined that such benefits would make recipients more self-respecting and socially aggressive, they did nothing to change the opportunities available to them.

It seems plain that nothing in the history of the poverty program suggests that lower-class culture would be unaffected by real and large-scale changes in the social opportunities available to the poor. Aside from economic expansion, such changes might come from repealing minimum wage laws, eliminating union restrictions on apprenticeships, and permitting free entry into such occupations as truck- and taxicab-driving. These changes would not expand the total opportunity available to the lower-class poor as much as might be supposed; if anyone could drive a taxicab, each individual driver would earn somewhat less than under current arrangements in most cities. But they might make such opportunities as exist more visible and easily grasped. On the other hand, it may be that working- and lower-class persons are more sensitive to the opportunities of political clout or connections (as presented by unions or political organizations, for instance) than to those of the marketplace. In any event, these are important matters for speculation, and it undoubtedly would have been enlightening for Banfield to have discussed them at greater length.

Institutional Barriers to Reform

"Serious" urban problems are not, of course, caused solely or even (in some cases) primarily by the heedlessness of lower-class behavior. Unemployment is as much a result of such things as national economic policies, the restrictions in the labor market just mentioned, and racial discrimination. (An important relationship between these last two factors is described in a typically illuminating quotation from Thomas Sowell, one of many in the second edition: "The net effect of any institutional arrangement which sets the rate of pay above that required to attract the number of qualified workers needed is to make it cheaper to discriminate in deciding who *not* to hire.") And it is rather painfully apparent that our criminal justice system provides little in the way of discouragement to even the most future-oriented individual who would commit riot or other violence, much less publish classified government documents or destroy draft records. (Indeed it is fair to say that under present arrangements the *more* future-oriented and calculating one is, the more one will understand the negligible chances of being punished for most crimes, and the more one will be left to one's own moral devices.)

Banfield devotes a very large share of his book, in both editions, to exploring these "institutional" aspects of urban problems, but he concludes that government is as unlikely to "solve" the institutional as the cultural aspects. Part of the reason for this arises from the power of interest groups in a pluralistic democracy: many workable reforms are rendered impossible by the opposition of critical interest groups. Thus, although labor market restrictions benefit unions less than they cost society generally, unions are better organized than "society generally" and, within limits, can be expected to prevail when specific legal restrictions are at issue.

The Perversity of Moralism

But to Banfield the more important reason for the "perversity" of urban policy is the nature of moralism which more and

more tends to determine that policy, and especially the moralism of the well-to-do. The upper-class individual it will be recalled, tends to be highly altruistic, generous, and optimistic. He also has a great need for self-expression, which reifies his place in his very large universe, and he gives vent to this need the more his future seems secure. Consequently, the upper-class persons who have already acquired wealth and status tend to emphasize the moral over the practical aspects of social issues, for moralizing provides opportunities for dramatic self-expression, while practicalities require attention to the base as well as the noble in human affairs. This kind of moralizer believes that the *only* way to help blacks is to "fight discrimination"; he is oblivious to the condescension of his position and is angered by the observation that more mundane economic problems are of much greater practical importance. The way to deal with crime is "rehabilitation," in his view, and proposals to make confinement more immediate or certain are abhorrent. In these and numerous other instances, the practical institutional reforms to which Banfield is

led in his analysis of specific problems seem doomed by the asserted dominance of upper-class moralism in the policy-making process: for none of them provide do-gooders with opportunities to parade their moral virtue, and many are offensive to their sublime optimism.

What is worse, Banfield argues, moralistic behavior may itself aggravate already serious social problems. By magnifying the practical importance of one moral issue, racial discrimination, the upper class may deepen feelings of resentment and hostility on the part of blacks. By staging dramatic acts of political expression, the upper-class moralizer lends justification—and therefore encouragement—to lower-class behavior that is not only expressive but truly violent. "No doubt most of the blood spilled by the middle and upper classes will be steers' blood carried . . . in plastic containers," Banfield writes, but, "the effect on the lower classes of this sort of behavior by the upper classes may be incendiary." This argument, which seemed accurate when Banfield made it in his first edition, seems rather too optimistic in his revision. For in the meantime we have learned from such agencies of moral virtue as the Weathermen and the Symbionese Liberation Army that the upper class, too, is possessed by a capacity for genuine violence; the "symbiosis" of lower- and upper-class values, it seems, involves learned behavior in *both* directions. The threat of upper-class political terrorism appears to be a serious enough urban problem these days (certainly it will take a middle- or upper-class group to construct the small nuclear bomb Mr. Theodore Turner is worried about), though perhaps Banfield felt it was still too new and uncertain to be discussed with much precision in his second edition. There may well be more to go on by the time he writes his third edition.

Banfield's discussion of upper-class values and behavior is one of the most fascinating aspects of his book, no doubt because it touches on at least some of the values of most of his readers. But it is unduly pessimistic to suggest, as he seems to, that the upper-class ethos can be counted on to defeat any sound social policy which survives the machinations of interest-group politics. After all we are not yet plunged *totally* into chaos: the sturdier forces of middle- and working-class opinion continue to have their effect at all levels of government, and undoubtedly they will continue to do so. As this review is written the headline on Chicago newspapers is "Killer Con to Attend College Unguarded." Obviously there are some fine upper-class minds at work in the Illinois prisons department, but just as obviously (at least in the view of the paper's editor and headline writer) there are many *middle- and working-class minds in this* city who will be enraged, and who conceivably will prevail. Moreover, upper-class values need not invariably lead to mischievous political attitudes. Expanding the real economic opportunities of the poor may be politically difficult or even impossible but it would improve the lot of some of the poor quite tangibly, and it would not much affect the selfish interests of upper-class persons one way or the other. Why, then, could it not be a fit subject for the attentions of the upper class? The upper-class view of things is sometimes mischievous and sometimes not, and it is only one of many forming public opinion; after all, an important part of the presidential mandate of 1972 was a rejection of some upper-class views and behavior. Banfield is right, though, to warn of the dangers of moralistic and demonstrative politics. One indication of those dangers was in the reception his first edition received in many important circles, and one indication that his warning has been heard will be if his second edition is received with greater civility.

Callous and Cold?

This review has dealt almost exclusively with the conceptual aspects of *The Unheavenly City Revisited*, as did almost all of the reviews of *The Unheavenly City*. Banfield's approach to his subject commands this response. It should be said, though, that in many ways the most satisfying parts of his work are his several discussions of discrete policy issues: it is here that his concepts come to life, and here that his knowledge of the realities of human situations places him so far above the abstractionists who populate his field. There is simply no other way to demonstrate this than to quote him directly. Many of those who did not like Banfield's first edition complained that he was "callous and cold" in discussing the problems of the poor. The charge that he is callous probably results from his refusal to sentimentalize: it is true that he has the capacity to discuss emotional matters in a matter-of-fact way. It is not at all the case that he is cold. Discussing one social policy which many people would no doubt regard as highly progressive and beyond much debate—the requirement that all young people attend a school through their late teens, regardless of their knack, interest, or use for book-learning—Banfield explodes.

". . . As matters now stand, the pretense of the school—one that must be ridiculous to boys who will be manual workers and to girls who will soon start having babies—that it and it alone offers 'opportunity' is surely one cause of youth unrest. The boy who knows that he has learned nothing since the eighth grade but that he must nevertheless sit in boredom, frustration, and embarrassment until he is sixteen or seventeen (in a few states, eighteen), when finally he will be labeled 'dropout,' must be profoundly disaffected by the experience. He senses that the school authorities and the whole apparatus of middle- and upper-class opinion that confine him there neither understand

nor even care about the most palpable realities of his situation: that he will very likely work with his hands all his life, that he is not learning anything, that for such work he would not be helped by learning any more, and that one who works with his hands had better start early because he will be 'old' by the time he is forty. To tell such a boy that he must stay in school anyway because in the future there will be no jobs for people with only hands is to tell him something that is both untrue and irrelevant. If he cannot learn, staying in school will not help, and if there are no jobs for people with only hands, supporting him will be society's problem, not his.

"The frustration, anger, and contempt for authority engendered by the school may possibly enter into the personality of the individual, coloring his attitudes in adulthood and leading him to take a cynical and resentful view of the society and all its works. Conceivably, the practice of forcing the incapable and unwilling to waste their adolescent years in schoolrooms further weakens the already tenuous attachment of the lower classes to social institutions. The discovery that the school consists largely of cant and pretense may prepare the way for the discovery that the police and the courts, for example, do too."

Christopher De Muth

Thomas Molnar

Capitalism and Its Milieu

RECENTLY, I ATTENDED the lecture of a well-known defender of capitalism at one of the *hauts-lieux* of free-market economy and ethos, a midwestern university. To my surprise, the question in the title, "Will Capitalism Survive?" received an ambiguous answer: after an analysis largely indebted to Schumpeter, the lecturer concluded that the attacks on capitalism have become more vehement since Schumpeter wrote his *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* more than thirty years ago, so that today "we all must join forces" in order to prolong its life, even if we cannot make it immortal.

The merit of Schumpeter's classic work is that in answering *no* to his question, "Will capitalism survive?" he did not base his thesis exclusively on economic, that is, rationalistic, analyses, but also took into account the political environment, which is never entirely rational. The Austrian scholar saw three sources of danger to the capitalistic system: the businessman's concentration on efficiency; the university's steadily increasing production of abstraction-loving intellectuals who remain jobless; and the misinformed masses who do not understand that in capitalism they are the king, the businessman their servant.

These arguments have the merit, as I said, of studying the phenomenon in a political framework. In answering Schumpeter's question today, a generation and several revolutions later, we should widen this framework still further to include more political and cultural considerations. For example, Schumpeter still labored under the impact that unemployed university graduates made on Europe and America in the 1920s and 1930s. Today, with the tremendous growth of the so-called tertiary sector of the economy, one finds jobless university graduates in the Third World only—in India, Africa, and South America. In the West and in Japan full-employment policies benefit the intellectuals even before the blue-collar workers. Yet, the intellectuals are still as restless, radical, and prone to abstractions as before.

The masses are no longer "misinformed," as they were perhaps in Schumpeter's time. Today they constitute the core of the "silent majority": they do not vote for radical parties; on the contrary, they reward those parties which have come out of the cold of radical ideology. The workers' preference goes at times to center-Left, at other times to center-Right. This is what is called the condition of political stability.

What about the free entrepreneurs themselves? Like Schumpeter's other categories, the intelligentsia and the masses, they are much less monolithic than their fathers were in 1942 when *Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy* appeared. The government's fiscal policy, union pressure, and the cultural climate have divided them according to magnitude, degree of symbiosis with the State, the nature of their relationship with labor, and the imperatives of public relations. In Germany, the cultural climate (I use this as a comprehensive term) compels them to take various, but increasingly favorable positions with regard to such issues as *Mitbestimmung*, the joint decision-making of stockholders, managers, and union members. In Peru, the cultural climate brings on *comunidad industrial*, a kind of cooperative at present half-owned by the workers, but to pass under their ownership completely in a number of years. In France, common decision-making is further radicalized, at least in theory (for the time being), under the label *autogestion*, with actual management of companies by the workers, which of course may mean the unions. (Lately, France's "young executives" [*jeunes patrons*] have been suggesting the distribution of the totality of economic power and decision-making among all wage-earners of the enterprise. But the union leaders oppose this idea, obviously worried that it might cancel their own function as representatives of the workers and wage-earners.)

Even if the entrepreneurs themselves wish to take a firm stand against these developments, the political parties representing them tend towards the more "socialist" solution. One might say that the only firms still managing their own affairs are medium-size enterprises—large enough to compete with reasonable means but not so large as to be drawn into the sphere of the State, and generally so dimensioned that the unions do not wish to squeeze them out of business and see their members out of work. In the United States these medium enterprises (500-800 employees) are still the backbone of the economy, although those who own or run them have few illusions about the future catching up with them: bigness, racial difficulties, government intervention, inflation, increasingly problematic capitalization, and so on.

This break-up of capitalism is not new; only the above-mentioned forms are new. However, these new forms may reflect not so much capitalism's demise as its adaptability to all sorts of conditions. In South America, for example, foreign and local companies since the 1950s have practically driven the revolutionists into despair with their investment, expansion, and industrial diversification programs. Capitalism has adapted to conditions there by absorbing with diversified city jobs the rural masses whose pressure on a fragile economy would normally have exploded in a gigantic revolution. The result is a proletariat on the fringes of cities (in favellas, villas miserias, etc.), but which is regularly drained into a petty-bourgeoisie in the towns themselves. This too, is the fruit of capitalism and its grudging but nevertheless positive coexistence with more or less populist governments. A similar situation exists in southeast Asia, mainly in Singapore and Taiwan.

But as precisely the South American situation shows, the problem of capitalism is not the efficiency of private business, but its political-cultural milieu. Schumpeter's analysis, far as it goes, does not go far enough, for it is limited to a phenomenological study of social categories. We ought not only to update but also to complete his analysis by showing that capitalism, at every stage of its development, has created or contributed to the expansion of institutions and social movements destined in the end to turn against capitalism. What we witness today may be only one of the last phases of the offspring's turn against their genitor, in a cultural revolution that capitalists neither comprehend nor combat.

In the last century, at least four or five such destructive institutions and movements were engendered or promoted by nascent and dynamic capitalism. As Marx jubilantly pointed out, capitalism destroyed the land-owning class and thus the rural base of nations. It encouraged the peasants to settle in amorphous, impersonal cities, to be recruited by amorphous, impersonal political parties, and to be mentally shaped by an increasingly radical press. It promoted the universities in the hope that the professor would be an ally of the entrepreneur. Capitalism at least helped create the mushrooming urban existence and the ever-expanding democracy which was not limited to the vote but penetrated the managerial categories, the workshops, and the various cultural institutions. And the capitalist entrepreneur indiscriminately poured funds into organs of the hostile media, press, television, foundations, literary juries, and universities, either in the form of advertisement or as the cultural snob's tribute to culture; he assumed that the marketplace, including the cultural marketplace, is neutral, that ideas may clash under the same fair conditions as merchandise does.

The Picture Today

What is the picture today? Capitalism has changed enormously since Schumpeter's time, but the change is far more drastic when we look at the political-cultural milieu surrounding it. First, it is hard today to find young men entering business with a "laissez-faire" mentality, even in the United States. (In South America the free market is still surrounded with an aura of pioneering.) They are impressed from all sides, not least from within the company, by a largely false communitarian spirit, by the idea of participation, public relations, image-making, cultural service, and so on. Second, the spirit of competition in application to one's work is on the wane: after all, jobs can always be had, social mobility is regarded as a good thing in itself, *recyclage* or return to school for a year or two may open new careers. Third, a loose public morality contrary to the entrepreneurial ethos prevails: an ever-larger segment of the potential and actual workforce *takes it easy*; this is mirrored in public argu-

ments for a negative income tax and a guaranteed annual wage, and solemn calls upon society to allow half the population to live in communes, work when they feel like it, and contribute to making life more "inventive," "imaginative," and what have you. Society trails off towards utopia, and if we follow the pertinent literature, we indeed find a tremendous increase, first, of utopian literature itself (Marcuse, Charles Reich, Dennis Gabor, Edgar Morin, Enzensberger, etc.), and second, of utopian utterings by politicians, public figures, and Churchmen.

The fourth and most concentrated force transforming Western societies and threatening capitalism originates from leftist political criticism, which draws strength by building on the previously listed phenomena. The Western intelligentsia, endlessly impressed by communist societies, yet disturbed by their brutality, do not draw the obvious conclusion that Marxism secretes oppression as some glands secrete hormones. Consequently, they see the future not *outside* the utopian-communist society but *transcending* that society towards freedom, imagination, poetic values, re-shaped human relationships, and what have you. In other words, in the eyes of Western intellectuals the communist society is in an advanced stage compared with Western liberal-capitalist society: the latter is bound to pass through communism if it is to evolve, whereas the former ought merely to generate more freedom and to loosen its structures a little on the way to the ideal society. This built-in advantage and superiority of communist societies over Western societies—in the perspective of Western intelligentsia—forces Western society into an imaginary bottleneck; to issue forth at all, to change and improve, it must become socialist first, and then when it catches up with the present state of Marxist societies, the two together will evolve toward "socialism with a human face." It is thus assumed that Western society has the longer and more arduous path ahead of it, while communist society must merely backtrack a bit from its extreme "Stalinist" position. But that the future will be socialist, nobody who is anybody dares question.

Mind you, a certain amount of market economy will remain foreseeably embedded in the structure of Western society. An Ota Sik or a Francois Mitterrand include this much in their calculations. However, we should not be surprised if one day it will be called "socialist market economy." □

Thomas Szasz

Your Last Will and Your Free Will

IF YOU ARE NOT rich, are not interested in becoming rich, don't know anyone who is rich, and are not afraid of the capricious power of corrupt psychiatrists, then you may not want to read any further. For what follows is about your free will, and your Last Will, and about how, if you don't watch out, psychiatrists may deprive you of both.

Wealthy persons knowledgeable about the ways of the financial world are usually very careful about the arrangements they make for disposing of their assets after their deaths: they try to reduce, as far as possible, the expenses incurred in transmitting their material possessions to their heirs; and to insure, as far as possible, that these possessions will in fact go to the beneficiaries they have designated in their Last Will. I will not discuss or even list the numerous financial, legal, and informal-familial strategies which our legal and economic order provides for those proficient in playing the inheritance game. All I want to do here is to call attention to one strategy which wealthy testators and their advisors have often overlooked; such neglect may cost the testator dearly in the post-mortem defense of the validity of his Last Will, and may result in his bequests ending up in the very hands which, by his free will, he has tried to keep them out of.

The matter I refer to is the contesting of a Will by disinherited natural heirs on psychiatric grounds—that is, on the grounds that when the testator executed his Last Will, he was mentally incompetent to execute a valid Will. A hypothetical case—schematic but typical of the sorts of problems encountered with respect to the psychiatric invalidation of Wills—will help us to deal with the problem concretely.

The testator, John Doe, dies in his ripe old age and leaves millions of dollars to charities. Doe has never been married and has no children, natural or adopted. But he has several brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, who want his money and feel "entitled" to it. The "family" retains an attorney; the attorney retains a psychiatrist; the psychiatrist listens to the family's stories about the deceased and concludes, as his "professional opinion," that poor John Doe "obviously" did not know who his "rightful heirs" were and was mentally incompetent to execute the Last Will he signed. John Doe's lawyer or persons representing the charities inheriting his money or someone must have exercised "undue and improper influence" on him to write such a Will. Lubricated by lavish fees, brokers in law and lunacy can appear amazingly sincere and righteous in assuring courts and juries that men such as John Doe did not will what they had put in their Wills, but "really" willed what their disinherited relatives would have liked them to will.

What happens next in such a case is that either there is an out-of-court settlement between the contesting parties, the disinherited relatives getting paid off, or the suit goes to court and is decided by a jury. Because of the way the laws of inheritance are written, and because of the way courts interpret such contests, it is actually not easy to break a Will on psychiatric grounds. The burden of proof rests on the parties trying to set aside the Will. Nevertheless, there is always some risk—great or small depending on circumstances—that the court will set aside the Will and award bequests to persons whom the testator wanted to disinherit. Furthermore, even if the testator's estate prevails in court, it will have to bear the costs of defending the testator's free will and upholding the legal validity of his Last Will—a defense into which it can always be forced by disinherited relatives.

Is there a way in which this undignified, unprofessional, and uneconomic (except for lawyers and psychiatrists) eventuality, which can be easily foreseen in certain cases, could be avoided or prevented? There is indeed, and it seems incredible that it has never, to my knowledge, been articulated.

The preamble to Last Wills usually begins with a phrase like the following: "I, John Doe, of the City of . . . , County of . . . , and the State of . . . , being of sound mind and memory, . . . hereby make, etc. . . . ." Then follow the contents of the Will, the testator's signature, the signature and seal of a Notary Public, and the signatures of witnesses. Unless circumstances prevent it, the Will is signed by the testator and witnesses in the presence of the attorney who has prepared the document.

Clearly, there is one thing missing from Last Wills which would lessen the danger of their being contested on psychiatric grounds: namely, an "Attestation Clause" declaring that James Smith, M.D., a duly licensed physician specializing in psychiatry, having been retained by the testator and his attorney, has examined the testator immediately preceding the act of the testator reading his Last Will or having it read to him, and of his signing it, and that he finds the testator mentally competent to make a Will.

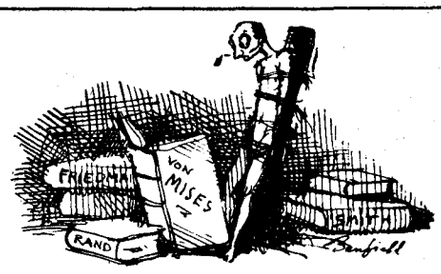
Ostensibly, a contest of Wills on psychiatric grounds revolves around the matter of the testator's mental competence to make a Will, or his lack of it; hence the need for psychiatrists. Actually, however, it revolves around the matter of the disinherited relatives' power, or their lack of it, to overrule the testator's free will, at least after death if not in life; hence the need for lawyers, juries, and judges. Since legislators, lawyers, courts, and juries deal, and indeed must deal, with the overt rather than the covert, the formal rather than the factual aspects of controversies arising out of Will contests based on the testator's mental state; and since Last Wills typically begin with the testator's self-proclaimed assertion of the soundness

of his mind and memory; it seems logical that at least some Wills should contain formal psychiatric proof of the testator's capacity to execute a valid testament.

What would happen, what might happen, if Wills contained such proof? Faced with such evidence, it seems difficult to see how the courts could allow psychiatric Will-contests to develop. How could a court entertain the possibility that an estimate, a mere guess, made by a psychiatrist about a dead person might be more accurate or valid than an "examination" made by a psychiatrist of the same person while he or she was alive? Of course, it could take the position—and quite rightly—that the psychiatrist who examined the testator for his Last Will was not impartial, that he was in fact a party to the "improper influence" on the testator claimed by the disinherited relatives. But such a claim would unmask—so decisively and dramatically as to render its concealment on future occasions virtually impossible—the boundless hypocrisy of courtroom psychiatry, namely, that the psychiatrist who examines the dead testator on behalf of the disinherited relatives is not exactly impartial either. In short, it would become clear that in such cases, what are ostensibly the expert opinions of medical specialists are actually the semantic services of psychiatric prostitutes.

The psychiatrization of the inheritance game is a dirty business, as is the psychiatrization of any and every aspect of law and life. Cleaning up Institutional Psychiatry—the pseudo-medical criminal organization which both capitalist and communist societies now accept as a morally and legally legitimate "profession"—will take a long time. In the meanwhile, if you know how the game is played, you can easily protect yourself from the psychiatrist—often, as in the inheritance game—by beating him to the punch. □

* **A Libertarian's Basic Repertoire** *



* **by Ralph Raico** *

Nock and Flynn

Our Enemy, the State
by Albert Jay Nock
Introduction by Walter Grinder
Free Life Editions, 1973, $2.95 (paper).

As We Go Marching
by John T. Flynn
Preface by Ronald Radosh
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Editor's Note: The following inaugurates a new department, "A Libertarian's Basic Repertoire," appearing every other issue in The Alternative *and presenting reviews by Ralph Raico of libertarian classics. The aim is to familiarize the reader with the rich libertarian heritage in political and social philosophy.*

THAT POLITICS HAS something to do with class interests and with attempts to establish, maintain, or abolish systems of economic exploitation could come as a surprise only to conservatives. It was nineteenth century European conservatism that tried at all costs to avoid the analysis of political reality in terms of a structure of economic exploitation; small wonder, since that ideology functioned as the apologist for the centuries-old exploiting powers, spiritual and temporal. For their parts, both socialism and liberalism knew better. The socialist analysis, in its Marxist form especially, has become rather famous; but it is not often appreciated that classical liberalism also offers the tang of realism in interpreting society and politics that so frequently excites the neophyte who is just beginning to see the world around him through Marxist categories. Yes, the point at issue in politics *is* primarily the division of wealth and power among various concrete competing groups, and not so much "community," the code of chivalry, or whether a given nation is to be dedicated up to Our Lady.

The Marxist analysis, however, is wrong-headed: the parasites of society are not the bourgeoisie—entrepreneurs and capitalists who simply make their living through buying and selling on the market. Even *The Communist Manifesto* grants that "the bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together," hardly the mark of a purely parasitic class. Rather, the analysis offered sporadically, and more often taken for granted, by classical liberalism—and occasionally by others, such as Saint-Simon and Proudhon—is much more faithful to socio-economic reality: exploitation and parasitism exist when a certain group, usually from among the rich, gains control of the State apparatus and uses it to circumvent the market, bagging special privileges for itself at the expense of taxpayers and consumers. This is what writers such as Adam Smith, the Philosophical Radicals, and the Manchesterites referred to as "monopoly" and "sinister interests." For them it explained the system of mercantilism, most of the imperialism of the European nations, and many more specific political phenomena (such as the "bourgeois" July Monarchy in France). Marx said that the land question was the secret history of the Roman Republic; more generally we can affirm that the attempt to use State power for private economic ends is the secret history of the modern "capitalist" world.

So the naive reader who comes upon such a book as Albert Jay Nock's *Our Enemy, the State* would be mistaken in concluding that he has come upon a "leftist" author. Nock, the editor of the first version of *The Freeman*, friend of H.L. Mencken, bitter opponent of Hoover's and Roosevelt's New Deals, mentor of Frank Chodorov, and confirmed isolationist, was a pillar of the Old Right in the United States. *Our Enemy, the State* has been a libertarian classic for four decades now; the head of the British Society of Individualists once classed it with Milton's *Areopagitica*, Mill's *On Liberty*, and Herbert Spencer's *Man vs. the State*, although to my mind, that is going too far. But it is nonetheless a lucid, pleasingly written presentation of a profound insight into what moves politics, and a fine sociological and historical elaboration of that insight.

Nock's approach to the nature of politics is heavily influenced by the very important work of the German sociologist Franz Oppenheimer, *The State*. (Free Life Editions, which has reprinted the two books under review here, scheduled a reprint of *The State* for summer, 1974.) Following Oppenheimer, for example, Nock writes: "There are two methods, or means, and only two, whereby man's needs and desires can be satisfied. One is the production and exchange of wealth; this is the *economic means*. The other is the uncompensated appropriation of wealth produced by others; this is the *political means* . . . The State, then, whether primitive, feudal, or merchant, is *the organization of the political means*." Voltaire had already defined the State as "a device for taking money out of one set of pockets and putting it into another"; Nock concurs, and adds: "Taking the State wherever found, striking into its history at any point, one sees no way to differentiate the activities of its founders, administrators, and beneficiaries from those of a professional criminal class."

It should be clear by now that Nock is going far beyond most of classical liberalism, which continued by and large (*real* State-haters like Herbert Spencer were the exception) to see the State fundamentally in Lockean terms and to view its multifarious criminal activities as "abuses" and not as intrinsic to its nature. In Nock's opinion, however, the philosophy of natural rights and popular sovereignty which the modern State from time to time adopted (for instance, during

the Glorious Revolution in England and the American Revolution), was simply a way of tapping the currents of the great individualist movement of the modern age; liberal talk was a screen behind which the State changed its guise from feudal-State to merchant-State, the underlying reality, of course, remaining the same. Nock, who wrote a fine little biography of Jefferson, has nothing but praise for the vision of Jefferson and Tom Paine, but in his, Nock's, view the American Revolution simply did not realize that vision. In 1787 certain financial, mercantile, and industrial interests, fearful of the power which their opponents exercised through control of the state legislatures, staged a *coup d'etat* and succeeded in establishing a strong central government, which would assure those interests access to the political means; in Marxist terms, we might say that Nock sees the end result of the Revolution, the Constitution, as the coming to power of the national bourgeoisie, replacing the bourgeoisie of the imperialist England. Tariffs, land-arrogation, "public" works, national banks, landgrants to railroads, contracts, and subsidies and privileges of all kinds to whoever could exert sufficient influence on the political center, were prizes of the new system. Government in America was erected on "the merchant-State's fundamental doctrine that the primary function of government is not to maintain freedom and security, but to 'help business.' " Political parties in the United States have functioned ever since as coalitions, of shorter or longer duration, of various economic interests anxious to have the political means at their disposal. (This continues to be the case to the present day, with the exception of the anti-State, but miniscule, Libertarian Party.)

As illuminating as Nock's analysis is, there are grounds for criticism. His opinions too often reflect the questionable views of Henry George, and he leans somewhat too heavily on Charles Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. More important, in emphasizing the State as an instrument wielded by certain outside interests, Nock does not make enough of the independent influence of the State bureaucracy, civilian and military. The United States may now be approaching the state reached by "capitalist" countries such as Italy (where the State bureaucracy is slowly but surely smothering society to death), or many countries of the Third World. Here the direct economic exploitation by the State itself has come to loom larger than the use of State power by "private" interests. Nock was quite aware of this subspecies of State; he mentions it some twenty years before Djilas as characteristic of the Soviet regime in Russia and as crucial for an understanding of the decline of Rome from the third century on. My only point is that for us, in a period of stunning budgets for "education" and "defense"—among many other programs—a more detailed probing of the nature of the bureaucrat—or pure—State would be called for.

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John T. Flynn's *As We Go Marching* makes an excellent companion piece to Nock's book. It is somewhat painful to sense that Flynn might have to be identified for a right-wing American readership in 1974, while those whose contributions to the movement for individual freedom have consisted mostly in seconding the Athenian jury's sentence on Socrates, or in endlessly elaborating a few clichés from Edmund Burke, are familiar names. Well, from the period of the late New Deal to the early 1950s, Flynn was the premier political commentator of the American Right; he was a leader of America First, the author of the brilliant de-mystification of FDR, *The Roosevelt Myth*, virtually the first writer to cast doubt publicly on the official line concerning the Pearl Harbor attack, and a spirited partisan of the Taft wing of the Republican Party and of old Joe McCarthy. In *As We Go Marching*, first published in 1944, Flynn essays an analysis of the nature of fascism and particularly of its growth in the United States; and while it lacks the depth and—it must be admitted—learning of such works as Mises' *Omnipotent Government* or Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* (written along similar

lines), the thesis and general outlook presented are arresting and very worthy of consideration.

It is difficult to think of a word in the contemporary political vocabulary as emotionally-charged and as confusedly-applied as *fascism*. For many, perhaps most, people, it is virtually interchangeable with the fascist *style*—the leader-cult, the paramilitary groups, balcony speeches to hysterical crowds, and so on—or even simply with German racism. But a good case can be made for the thesis that fascism, rightly understood and freed from a historically-conditioned association with the post-World War I scene and with Aryanism, is actually one of the most prevalent State-forms in the world today—that regimes such as those in South Korea, Egypt, Algeria, much of sub-Saharan Africa, much of Latin America, and elsewhere, are to be understood mainly in terms of the fascist model. At any rate, in Flynn's analysis, fascism represents no sudden "eruption of the demonic into history" nor any startling discontinuity with the politico-economic traditions of the nations that embrace it. Rather, it is the logical conclusion of policies accepted and promoted by many people who give every sign of being well-meaning.

Flynn examines the history of Italy and Germany in the decades preceding the fascist take-overs: he concludes (with Mises and Hayek) that many principles of the fascist order were already widely accepted and implemented to an extent in those countries before 1922 and 1933 respectively. Government used deficit-financing to buy the votes of privileged segments of the population and to "stimulate" the economy, and borrowing to cover the deficits; substantial government planning, with the collaboration of key private groups (a debased form of the syndicalist idea), controlled the economic system; parliamentary government became derisory and contemptible because of the vast involvement of government in the economy, the impossibility of maintaining parliamentary supervision effectively, and the consequent reversion of power more and more to the executive; and very important, the institutionalization of great outlays for military spending emerged as the policy most acceptable to the conservative elements in society. This emerging acceptance leads to a universally-recognized trait of fascism, militarism, and—when the opportunity arises, i.e., when the fascist country is powerful enough—to imperialism, as a justification for militarism and for military spending.

In the third and last section of this book, Flynn analyzes the American situation and identifies important parallels to the developments in the two European nations (the NRA, for example, was nothing if not fascist). This is very significant for any understanding of the inner meaning of the New Deal, about which an enormous amount of mythology exists in the popular mind. Most thought-provoking from the point of view of conservatives would be Flynn's interpretation of America's "world-role" as a response, not to any objective threats to our "national security" in any reasonable sense of the term, but rather as an outgrowth of domestic needs; in this connection we could paraphrase Schumpeter on the dynamics of imperialist societies: Created by the economic exigencies that required it, the machine now created the wars it required. Here, rather than in one after another alleged attempts at "world-conquest" by a succession of Kaisers and foreign dictators, is to be found, in Flynn's view, the explanation of militarism and imperialism in recent American history.

These are books which propose drastic revisions in the way most people, including conservatives (perhaps *especially* conservatives), see political reality, and since, in addition, they are written by intelligent men who placed a high value on individual liberty, they are important books. Free Life Editions, a new, labor-of-love publishing house in New York City, deserves praise for making these books available in comparatively inexpensive editions. There is an interesting preface to Flynn's book by New Leftist Ronald Radosh and a perceptive introduction and highly useful bibliography to Nock's by libertarian economist Walter Grinder. The production is professional. □

Arnold Beichman

From Language to Cant

THE CRISIS OF VALUES in the United States arises, in large part, from the erosion of the authority of language. Until now we have maintained a high level of civilization and an unembarassed sense of mission because, as a people, we spoke and understood the same *moral* language. Bertrand de Jouvenel has written that "As this common moral language extends, so does society; as it breaks up, so does society."[1] The crisis of values also arises from the enduring question in politics, which became the focus of nineteenth century debate and continues to this day: as formulated by Bertrand Russell, "How can we combine that degree of individual initiative which is necessary for progress with the degree of social cohesion that is necessary for survival?"[2]

Today the commonage of political language is disappearing. Is a revolution against a functioning democracy good or bad? Is a violent revolution ever justified and how much violence? Is terror morally acceptable? Is "socialism" the solution? Is violence a meaningless phrase once the necessity of revolution is accepted? A true revolutionary, like Herbert Marcuse, can and does distinguish between "good" violence and "bad" violence.[3] What the Marcuses of the world do not examine, however, is the underlying question: Are there such authoritative findings about human society as to justify political terrorism? Or stated more precisely, is there some political system contrived by man, already in being or possible, which so approaches perfection that any price is worth its establishment?

My primary thesis is that our scientific and technological achievements, even as they become more wondrous, make more difficult and problematical the possibility that we may achieve a state of human affairs in which mankind will be able to create that glorious brotherhood Schiller rhapsodized in his "Ode to Joy." Yet the quest for the Ultimate Answer is unending among our present-day system-builders, those who base their cosmopolitics on Marxism, Leninism, Maoism, or some new variant of the Corporate State. Alexis de Tocqueville dealt with this problem in his post-1848 memoirs: "For my part, I detest these absolute systems, which represent all the events of history as depending upon great first causes linked by the chain of fatality, and which, as it were, suppress men from the history of the human race. They seem narrow, to my mind, under their pretense of broadness, and false beneath their air of mathematical exactness. I believe . . . that many important historical facts can only be explained by accidental circumstances, and that many others remain totally inexplicable. Moreover, chance, or rather that tangle of secondary causes which we call chance, for want of knowledge how to unravel it, plays a great part in all that happens on the world's stage; although I firmly believe that chance does nothing that has not been prepared beforehand."[4]

Speaking before the Constituent Assembly at the height of the Terror, Robespierre declared: "The revolutionary government is the despotism of liberty against tyranny."[5] The second part of my thesis is that those who most endanger our hopes for a better world are those intellectuals who, in the tradition of Robespierre, have so transformed language as to create confusion in the minds of millions of Americans and inhabitants of other Western democracies about what constitutes change and social progress.

It is nothing new that politicians and statesmen tell lies or, more commonly, half-truths, nor is it so unusual for intellectuals on occasion to desert their vocations as seekers after truth for the taste of power and the pleasure of special status. What is unprecedented is that since the Russian Revolution in 1917, there has been a spate of plain and simple lying by innumerable social critics here and abroad whose chief weapon has been the destruction of the meaning of words without regard to fact, evidence, truth, or simple respect for human decencies.

I am not talking about political lying, which, in the nature of political debate in democracies, helps engineer compromise into social design. Political lying—one can call it "campaign oratory," "the broad view," or some other euphemism—is tolerable and sometimes even amusing so long as we all, more or less, live by a common moral language. But when the common moral language begins to disintegrate, the ties which hold a people together are weakened. Normal cleavages among races, religions, classes, sects, and groups then become impassable chasms. Senator Joseph McCarthy by himself weakened our common moral language for a short time. Watergate has shocked people of all political faiths because it was directed to a revolutionary alteration of the American polity by men—the only participants in Watergate were males as far as I know—whose sense of social outrage led them to seek, conspiratorially, to subvert political debate into revolutionary channels. For let none doubt that had the Watergate conspiracy succeeded we should be living today under a form of presidential tyranny comparable to that of the Lincoln administrations, without remotely enjoying the justification of trying to save the Union that Abraham Lincoln could claim during a civil war.

Ideology and the Abuse of Words

How did it happen that we came so close to possible subversion of the American democratic system? I submit that in the highest echelons of government and among those social critics who served the White House, the meaning of words had been so corrupted that everything became permissible in the interests of some unilaterally defined Higher Truth, some Ultimate Answer. We have become accustomed to politicians making large claims in order to further policies or ambitions. What we have not become accustomed to is the "ideological lie," the objectification of an innocent act into guilt, unintended perhaps, but guilt nevertheless. The ideological lie based on the idea of a Single Virtue characterizes the Bolshevik mind. Another characteristically Bolshevik concept is that there is such a thing as "scientific truth" in social analysis.[6]

Karl Marx himself was a great student of socioeconomic trends and, like any good analyst, sought to predict what might occur given certain environmental conditions, both social and physical. But Marx went beyond prediction into the riskier field of determinism. It was not merely that something might possibly come to pass. It *had* to come to pass. It was not merely prediction; it was disclosure of the future as absolute, guaranteed fact, a form of Calvinistic predestination, and the sinner—in this case the capitalist system—could do nothing to avert an awful fate. As R.S. Peters has written: "What makes nonsense of Marx's picture of the pattern of historical evolution [is that] by revealing the economic causes of social change he also revealed the points at which intervention could be effective to alter its course. Had the *laissez-faire* system of the middle of the nineteenth century persisted, there might well have been the collapse of capitalism which Marx prophesied. But those who developed the state as an instrument for intervening in economic affairs had learned a good deal from Marx. His causal analysis had opened their eyes to the points at which there must be state intervention if his prophecies were to prove false. So there is a sense in which his prophecies were factors in preventing . . . what he prophesied would happen."[7] This lesson of what happened to Marx has been lost upon many of America's alienated intellectuals. No matter what happens in America, it is a proof to them that the end is not far off.

Much of what these intellectuals say about politics sounds convincing until one recognizes that their statements lack any empirical basis: their statements are metaphysical, and can be neither verified nor falsified but only exemplified. In his brilliant critique of Marcuse, Professor Alasdair MacIntyre has written: "It is a necessary condition of rationality that a man shall formulate his beliefs in such a way that it is clear what evidence would be evidence *against* them and that he shall lay himself open to criticism and refutation in the light of any possible objection. But to foreclose on tolerance is precisely to cut oneself off from criticism and refutation. It is gravely to endanger one's own rationality by not admitting one's own fallibility."[8] Our powerful social critics have ignored this necessary condition of rationality. Many of their statements are non-falsifiable: any data whatsoever, no matter how inconsistent and contradictory, are interpreted as supporting evidence for them. Critics like Dr. Noam Chomsky have become specialists in non-falsifiable statements in which the right adjective substitutes for rigorous political analysis. ⟶

The underlying reason for seeking to corrupt and to dissolve what Robert Nisbet has called "the authority of language" is that this corruption of language leads to the weakening of authority in a democratic society. As Professor Nisbet writes: "No community, no association, no culture can exist above the most primitive level without language and all the complex judgments and prejudgments as well as words and syntax which compose it."[9]

My earlier reference to dissident intellectuals as embodying the traditions of Robespierre the Incorruptible was an endeavor to relate latter-day criticism of democracy to "the ways of Jacobinism," which have been characterized so well by Matthew Arnold as: "Violent indignation with the past, abstract systems of renovation applied wholesale, a new doctrine drawn up in black and white for elaborating down to the very smallest details a rational society for the future."[10]

What our powerful social critics have forgotten, or have ignored, is that mankind, not merely the democratic national state, is at the mercy of the specialists in system building. Modern Leninist alchemists seek the hypostatic union between imperfect man and millenarian perfection which is expressed in abstract utterances and metaphysical conjuring. Mankind lives and dies in abstraction—socialism, capitalism, revolution, counter-revolution. Would Marx recognize modern capitalism and Soviet socialism as what he really had in mind? Men have died because the Prophet said that some phenomenon was "inevitable." The greatest abstraction of this century is the word "socialism," but not because of its ideals, which may well exemplify man's most noble aspirations. The word "socialism" has come to mean, in a secular age, the Single Cause solution to man's eternal problems. It has, as a Single Cause, become an excuse for *not* thinking about society's problems while repudiating the past—scientifically—reprobating the present—scientifically—and outling an inevitable future—scientifically. To achieve high status as a dissident intellectual one need do little more than to denounce "imperialism" and to demand the immediate overthrow of the "capitalist system" and a swift transition to "socialism."

If the question is raised about the price of "socialism" in those countries which claim to have reached the highest stage of civilization, the word-conjuring begins. For example, one can cite the Khrushchev exposé of Stalin in his famous speech at the Twentieth Soviet Party Congress, a most damning indictment. Or one can ask why the only significant revolutions in Europe since the end of World War II have occurred in Soviet-occupied Eastern Europe—East Germany in 1953, Poland and Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968—against the USSR. Or what kind of civilization is it which dared to threaten a Nobel Prize-winning writer like Alexander Solzhenitsyn with exile and which finally did exile him? Or what kind of unifying ideology is "socialism" when the most serious war threat in the world today is not between capitalist powers but between the USSR and China? And whom does Marshal Tito fear most—his capitalist neighbors or the Soviet Union? Or what degree of progress was indicated when a member of the Soviet Presidium in an official Soviet publication revealed that, as late as 1964, there were breadlines in the Soviet Union?[11]

The Linguist and Linguistic Corruption

When these incontrovertible facts are cited to "socialists," the game begins. It turns out that the answer is not an examination of the facts but rather the use of an adjective. For example, Professor Noam Chomsky simply inserts the word "libertarian" before socialism—and all is forgiven.[12] The "socialism" of Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, and Mao rather quietly becomes nonsocialism with no questions asked. But it's not so simple as the political alchemy of Dr. Chomsky makes it out. Why did it turn out that the USSR became the concentration point of nonlibertarian socialism? Or antilibertarian socialism? Dr. Chomsky's adjectival politics condemns capitalism by inserting the adjective "predatory" so that we have "predatory capitalism" to contend with.[13] Is it possible to have libertarian capitalism and predatory socialism? Under Stalin there is little doubt that we had predatory socialism, and for that matter Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution was hardly libertarian. If nonpredatory capitalism is,

for Dr. Chomsky, an impossible concept, why use the adjective at all since capitalism subsumes predatoriness? Dr. Chomsky condemns "corporate capitalism" but nowhere does he explain why the "socialism" which was intended to liberate mankind has enslaved its workers by a state domination which would not be tolerated under capitalism.[14] Dr. Chomsky refers to "Russian unwillingness to permit free elections in Czechoslovakia." He ignores the fact that Russia is also unwilling to permit free elections in Russia itself. In fact, no Communist state permits free elections anywhere, anytime. In the fifty-seven years since the Russian Revolution, no Communist state has permitted free elections on any level. Opposition and dissent are still treason.

Dr. Chomsky's misuse of words is even more noticeable in his predilection for the adjective "inevitable"; for example, he talks about "the inevitable limitations on democracy under a highly centralized, militarized state capitalist system of the contemporary variety."[15] The word "inevitable" has been so overused that it has become barren of meaning in discussing social phenomena. In fact, nothing is "inevitable" except within tautologies: bald men inevitably have no hair; bachelors inevitably are unmarried men. Are there "inevitable limitations on democracy under a highly centralized, militarized state" socialist system, say, of the Albanian variety? All governments, by definition (one could easily say that it is "inevitable") create "inevitable limitations" on democracy. The question, which Dr. Chomsky fails to answer, is really what kind of limitations. Or he talks about "stultifying parliamentarianism."[16] Is there nonstultifying parliamentarianism? Dr. Chomsky doesn't say. Is "stultifying parliamentarianism" inevitable under democratic systems but not under "libertarian socialism"? And how would dissent be dealt with under Dr. Chomsky's system if not by some kind of stultifying or nonstultifying parliamentarianism? Alas, Dr. Chomsky doesn't say.

In his essay, "Politics and the English Language," George Orwell dealt succinctly with the enemies of clear speech and language: "[their] mixture of vagueness and sheer incompetence is the most marked characteristic of modern English prose, and especially of any kind of political writing. As soon as certain topics are raised, the concrete melts into the abstract and no one seems able to think of turns of speech that are not hackneyed: prose consists less and less of *words* chosen for the sake of their meaning, and more and more of *phrases* tacked together like the sections of a prefabricated henhouse . . . . Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties, from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable."[17]

There isn't a page of a contemporary political or critical literary journal which doesn't abound in what Professor Nisbet has called "linguistic corruption . . . sabotage of all that is authoritative in language."[18] Here is a sentence from a recent review by David Caute of Theodore Roszak's book, *Where the Wasteland Ends*: ". . . the present discontents of industrial society, with its emerging totalitarian technocracy, its shallow elitist expertise, its artificiality, and its capacity for manipulating denatured human beings mesmerised by the plastic pretenses of Disneyland."[19] Now what does all this mean? What does "totalitarian technocracy" mean? "Totalitarian" is a specific political term which has some empirical content. If the technocracy is totalitarian, who rules and how did they get there? If it is "emerging" where from? How? Why? Is it emerging in all polities? What is "shallow elitist expertise"? Is there deep, or nonshallow, "elitist expertise"? The "artificiality" of industrial society—what would an industrial society that is not "artificial" look like? Does it exist? Where? And if it doesn't, why not? And what are "denatured human beings"? Can they be renatured? What in heaven's name are the "plastic pretenses of Disneyland"? I am not talking now as an editor reading bad prose. In fact, it isn't prose at all. The words have, I submit, utterly no meaning because indignant metaphors are no substitute for clear thought.

Behind the words I've just quoted is a rhetorical trick—paint a neutral event in such apocalyptic imagery as to make retributive justice not merely desirable but somehow inevitable. For example, a book reviewer recently wrote that "this nation is

perilously close to collapse."[20] What can the word "collapse" mean? Collapse into what—revolution, anarchy? There are some 140 other countries in the world. If America is close to "collapse," what about these other countries? One can be sure that the editor who published the statement that America is "perilously close to collapse" never asked the writer for proof or even for his definition of the word "collapse." The editor probably believes it on one level and ignores it on another, his daily existence. The more outrageous the allegation and the less susceptible of proof, the more credible the allegation becomes.

Take the phrase, "all power to the people." What does it mean when it becomes the cri de coeur of the New Left or the Old Left? What "people" are they talking about? The "proletariat"? The intellectuals? The new elites? Again we have conjuring with words. Those who cry "all power to the people" are not suggesting the rule of the majority. The revolutionaries of 1848, as A.J.P. Taylor described them, believed in "movement; therefore only those elements who desired change were democratic [and] since movement and democracy were synonymous, only those who desired socialism were the people."[21] So with those who now cry "all power to the people." They don't mean the American blue-collar worker whom they have already labeled as a honky. They don't mean the black middle class. They don't mean people who vote conventionally for conventional political parties on conventional political issues. They don't mean those people who believe in change but not in instant, overnight overthrow of traditions and institutions in order to achieve the Ultimate Solution.

Contempt for the Masses

Those who cry "all power to the people" remind me of a passage in the memoirs of a pre-Revolution Russian socialist, Paul Axelrod. He recounts his conversation with a follower of Peter Tkachev, an early Russian revolutionary: "I asked him, 'Do you, as the member of a minority, consider it right that you force the people to be happy?' The question greatly amused my co-debater. 'Why, of course,' he answered. 'Since the people themselves do not understand their own good, thus what is truly good for them must be forced upon them.' "[22] In fact, Tkachev, who had an enormous influence on Lenin, wrote: "The very difference between a violent revolution and a so-called "gradual revolution" lies precisely in the fact that the revolutionary minority is no longer willing to wait, but takes upon itself the task of forcing consciousness upon the people."[23] How reminiscent of the French fascist, Drieu de la Rochelle, who said: "Saving France means saving the French, all the French, even those who do not want to be saved, who let themselves go, who ask only to be left alone."[24]

I want to make clear that my argument with so many intellectuals is not because they seem to believe in "socialism." On the contrary, despite their seeming dedication to socialism, libertarian or nonlibertarian, intellectuals in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have willingly accepted any doctrine which might establish their preeminence as custodians of morals and culture, as part of the divine right of intellectualdom. In other words, it mattered little to many of our leading intellectuals whether the doctrine they espoused or adopted was intended to further democracy. The fact that these doctrines were antidemocratic made them particularly appealing to an extraordinary number of leading artists and writers. Among writers who supported antidemocratic doctrines were: William Butler Yeats, D. H. Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, T.S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Paul Claudel, Celine, Henri de Montherlant, and George Bernanos. The German philosopher Martin Heidegger supported Adolf Hitler.

In the United States, there was a surprising amount of support for Italian fascism among leading American intellectuals. In the late 1920s the liberal *New Republic* was urging "a sympathetic hearing" for Italian fascism because it promoted "national cohesion and national welfare." The liberal weekly even justified fascist violence as necessary to end internal strife and disunity. Other American backers of Mussolini included Bruce Bliven, Alvin Johnson, Robert Little, George Soule, Wallace Stevens, Henry Miller, Irving Babbitt, Charles Beard, Horace Kallen, William Lyon Phelps, George Santayana, Ida Tarbell, and Lincoln Steffens. The number of self-declared philosopher-kings who supported the Soviet dictatorship and justified its excesses was extraordinarily large and included some of our most famous writers, artists, critics, academicians, and other intellectuals.

Superficially what appears significant about this defection from democracy is that the outstanding intellects of the twentieth century were men of the Right, as well as of the revolutionary Left. As Eugene Goodheart has written: "Any honest view of the political character of the works of literature will have to account for the fact that during the last two centuries there exists an inverse relation between the esthetic quality of a work of literature and radical politics—especially in works of art in which the political content is explicit and central. I have in mind the political novels of Flaubert, Conrad, Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky, poetry of great modern poets like Yeats, Eliot, Pound. There are to be sure exceptions. . . . But it is a remarkable fact that the literary imagination since the French Revolution has been more often than not skeptical or conservative or outrightly reactionary in relation to radical or revolutionary claims—in politics, if not in art."[25]

In fact, this Left-Right continuum is significant only in the sense that most intellectuals were reluctant to concede the legitimacy of autonomous decision by the people whose liberation they had sworn to achieve. No one expressed this sentiment more sharply than the French intellectual Ernest Renan, with what Professor Goodheart has called "Darwinian ruthlessness": "We can hardly conceive of high culture prevailing in a portion of humanity without another portion serving it in a subordinate role. The essential thing is that high culture establish itself and render itself mistress of the world. What is essential is less the creation of enlightened masses than the creation of geniuses and of an audience capable of understanding them. If the ignorance of the masses is a necessary condition for that, so much the worse. Nature does not stop before such concerns; she sacrifices entire species so that others find the essential conditions of their life."[26]

Contempt for the Mind

This contempt for the masses, the people, fellow humans, in the name of modernism and avant-gardism, might be endurable if these dissident and alienated intellectuals were to retire to a private world, as many did in the early nineteenth century, "where they cultivated the belief in their superiority to practical life," as J. R. Harrison has written.[27] Unfortunately for the Western democracies, this contempt went from privatization into an imperiously apodictic dogma: not only were the so-called masses the enemies of high culture but the social and political institutions, which had been legitimized by democratic practice, were even more to blame for the reluctance of the masses to follow the new political tastemakers. Sometime in the 1920s, a spirit of anti-intellectualism arose among intellectuals themselves, a spirit intended to discredit democracy, to discredit intellect and mind, and to establish personal feeling as the ruling force in human and political relations. The engine of authority, which is what makes existence possible in free societies, was to be smashed. In its place would come a vague, boundless something called impulse, life style, feeling, stance. And it produced what we now refer to as the crisis of authority and, in particular as Lionel Trilling has pointed out, the crisis of authority in relation to mind.

This attack on mind and "the right exercise of its mental powers" has been part of the insatiable attack on authority.[28] It has reached the point where "it has become possible to claim . . . credence for the idea that madness is a beneficent condition, to be understood as the paradigm of authentic existence and cognition." Professor Trilling continues: "This view is advanced not only by speculative laymen but also by a notable section of post-Freudian psychiatric opinion with wide influence in the intellectual community. The position is argued on grounds which are quite overtly political. The line is taken that insanity is directly related to the malign structures and forces of society, not as a mere passive effect but, rather, as an active and significant response to society's destructive will. Insanity is represented as a true perception appropriately acted out—society itself is insane, and when this is understood, the apparent aberration of the individual appears as rationality, as liberation from the delusions of social madness. From individual madness, its heartbreaking pain, isolation and distraction blithely ignored, is to be derived the principle by which society may recover its lost reason and humanity."[29] The effect of this attack on mind—which begins with those, like Ernest Renan, who seek a monopoly on culture—is to diminish the possibility that there are values to be cherished.

Many of our leading intellectuals exemplify that capitulation of mind before the attack on mind, so eloquently described by Dr. Trilling. Such capitulation, failure of nerve, and self-abnegation before a nonexistent "revolutionary situation" created out of the tenets of "scientific socialism," have been exploited by would-be revolutionaries in the academy in an endeavor to impose a new *partiinost*, a party

spirit, dictating what may or may not be discussed, and who may or may not be allowed to speak on college campuses.

This state of affairs has impelled Professor James Q. Wilson to argue that what passes for a liberal education today is inconsistent with liberalism and its traditional values—civility, free speech, equality of opportunity, and "the maintenance of a realm of privacy and intimacy from the constant assaults of the political and the societal."[30] According to Professor Wilson: "In the last two or three years, the list of subjects that cannot be publicly discussed there [at Harvard where he teaches] in a free and open forum has grown steadily, and now includes the war in Vietnam, public policy toward urban ghettos, the relationship between intelligence and heredity, and the role of American corporations in certain overseas regimes. . . . To be specific: a spokesman for South Vietnam, a critic of liberal policies toward the ghettos, a scientist who claimed that intelligence is largely inherited and a corporate executive who denied that his firm was morally responsible for the regime in South Africa have all been harassed and in some cases forcibly denied an opportunity to speak."[31] Among the consequences of a liberal education, he writes, "is a set of sympathies which lead many, though not all, persons in a university to acquiesce in the uncivil acts of a small minority."[32]

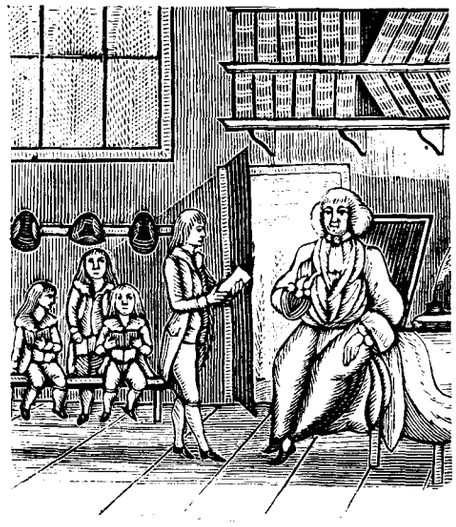
The Tragedy of Our Universities

What is frightening is the acquiescence of academicians, not only in America but, lately, also in Great Britain, in the suppression of academic freedom. In May 1973, Professor Hans Eysenck, an eminent British psychiatrist, who has studied the genetic base of intelligence and who is a Nazi refugee, was beaten up by Communists while he was speaking on the platform of the London School of Economics. A month later, Professor Samuel Huntington of Harvard, who was invited to give a lecture on Vietnam at the University of Sussex, was prevented from doing so by "mob action," as it was described by Richard Crossman, former Oxford don and Labour Cabinet Minister. Far more serious than the "mob action," however, was the fact that seventeen Sussex faculty members signed a letter supporting the students who prevented Huntington from speaking. A later meeting of university vice-chancellors, said Crossman, had given him the hope that when they met "they would collectively proclaim, that, if academic freedom is to mean anything, no one can sign such a letter and remain a member of a university staff." Instead, he reported, "the statement they put out was so vague and woolly that it will probably provoke another outbreak of the blind militancy it was designed to prevent."[33]

The spread of intolerance at our universities was at one time attributed to the reactionary Right but that was long ago. Today the threat to the university, its authority, and its freedom is dishearteningly from those whose demands are not as limited as those of past opponents of academic freedom. The public utility lobby was quite modest about its demands on the schools: say nice things about private electric companies, bad things about government ownership. Today's enemies of academic freedom are far more total in their demands upon the university and the educational system. And today's enemies are not outside but inside the gates.

The authority of the university comes from scholarship, not from administrators. A university's greatness is not measured only by endowment, by library volumes, or by buildings, nor is it measured by the number of hours that teachers spend on burdensome, wearying committee meetings. (I am speaking now in the spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes when he said that it is sometimes more important to emphasize the obvious than to elucidate the obscure.) The authority of a university, the authority of a culture and a civilization depends on men and women who, like Socrates, stand in awe of ideas, who not only respect language, but also protect it from those who would destroy its meaning. The authority of a university rests upon those who have faith in the educational enterprise and, therefore, faith in their vocation as scholars.

The uprising by students and some faculty members against the American university was not intended to make the university a better place in which to pursue



truth. Did the uprising make the American university a better place or a worse place in which to study the humanities? It was bad enough when the university was looked upon as a place to hatch both the defense intellectuals (advisers to the Defense Department and the State Department) and the warrior-saviors. Now there has been imposed upon the university the job of reducing inegalitarianism in society, producing urban solutions, turning the university away from its humanistic tradition to creating a new artifact–sociological technology. It is a new form of scientism, a belief that all meaningful problems may be resolved with "scientific methods, that their susceptibility to such solution properly defines the meaningfulness of problems and that we must not profess any convictions which fail to keep this condition."[34] This kind of scientism is really a contempt for humanistic knowledge and tradition, a repudiation of democratic values, an endorsement of the adversary culture and its anti-intellectualism. Above all, this way of thinking creates a conviction of infallibility and the apocalyptic fantasy of the modern Sparta, a republic of virtue, ruled by a new intelligentsia.

The expanding victory over humanistic knowledge by the votaries of scientism continues because academicians, mistrustful of this victory, are even more mistrustful of their own legitimacy and the legitimacy of their once cherished culture. In discussing the origins of the revolts in Europe in 1848, A.J.P. Taylor has written: "The liberals, the moderate men, shirked the problem of authority; it was faced by the radicals. They found a substitute for tradition in 'the religion of humanity,' just as their nationalism took the place of the decayed loyalty to kings. . . . The radical theorists were led inevitably from belief in the people to belief in themselves; and so to advocacy of authoritarian government."[35] A belief in moderation and civility implies an attitude of skepticism towards millenarianism and utopianism, an appreciation of the limits of politics coupled with a continuing testing of those limits. A belief in moderation and civility implies an understanding of what Edward Shils calls "the complexity of virtue . . . that every virtuous act costs something in terms of other virtuous acts, that virtues are intertwined with evils and that no theoretical system of a hierarchy of virtues is ever realizable in practice."[36] Our prime task is to restore that delicate balance between the needs of modern democracy and the values of democratic tradition. Daniel Bell has described for us the needs of an emergent post-industrial society and its concomitant communal ethic which demands identification of a still unidentified community.[37] What will be the role of culture, education, and authority in the post-industrial society and in this new community? How in this new world shall we find the balance between the demand for limitless freedom and the resistance to consensual authority, between the antinomianism of the wandering intellectual and his occupation of some hierarchical role as resident scholar?

The answer to this and other questions will not come from those who confuse experience with knowledge but rather from those who seek fusion of the two through conscious inquiry.[38] It will not come from the wild surmise of an uprooted intelligentsia asserting its right, as a self-ordained *arbiter elegentiae*, to define for itself the life of an entire society while denying the same right of definition to other sectors of society. The answer will come from those who see in the university an institution "dedicated to the authority of scholarship and learning and to the transmission of knowledge from those who are competent to those who are capable."[39]

The authority of scholarship and learning is in retreat and has been for almost a decade. It has been a retreat led by academicians who seem to have lost faith in themselves and their disciplines. History, languages, literature, philosophy, and political theory are fast disappearing from college curricula as subjects worth studying. The writing of English or the simple spelling of words, the attention to grammar, syntax, and rhetoric are arts lost among teachers, and therefore among students. The criteria for competence and capability are attenuated through the lowering of standards and the raising of grades with little or no regard for achievement. What the American academy has long fought against—the politicization of the university—has come

about rather quietly and, in the interests of avoiding controversy, unobtrusively. Few of us would claim that until now the American university was without fault or flaw. Is the American university today more dedicated to scholarship and learning than it was a decade ago? Are its standards any higher?

Aristotle once said that the essence of political tragedy is to make the perfect the enemy of the good. Such is the essence of the tragedy in our universities today.

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1. Bertrand de Jouvenel, *Sovereignty: An Inquiry into the Political Good* (Cambridge, 1957), p. 304.
2. Bertrand Russell, *Authority and the Individual* (London, 1964), p. 11.
3. "The violence of revolutionary terror, for example, is very different from that of the White terror, because revolutionary terror as terror implies its own abolition in the process of creating a free society, which is not the case for the White terror. The terror employed in the defense of North Vietnam is essentially different from the terror employed in the aggression." Herbert Marcuse, *Five Lectures: Psychoanalysis, Politics, and Utopia* (Boston, 1970), p. 103.
4. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Recollections*, ed. J. P. Mayer (London, 1948), p. 68.
5. See *Robespierre*, compiled by George Rude (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1967).
6. A classic example of "scientific truth" is Friedrich Engels' prediction of revolution in England, an event which would occur in the early 1850s no matter what the middle classes did to avert it. He wrote: "These are conclusions that can be drawn with absolute certainty. They are based on facts which cannot be disputed—facts of historical development and facts of human nature." *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, tr. and ed. W. O. Henderson and W. H. Chaloner (Stanford, Calif., 1968), pp. 334-36.
7. R. S. Peters, *Authority, Responsibility, and Education* (London, 1966) p. 69.
8. Alasdair MacIntyre, *Marcuse* (London, 1970), p. 91. Emphasis in text.
9. Robert Nisbet, "The Nemesis of Authority," *Encounter*, August 1972, p. 12.
10. Matthew Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy* (London: Nelson, n.d.), p. 117.
11. See Adam Ulam, *Expansion and Coexistence* (New York, 1968), p. 686.
12. Noam Chomsky, *Reasons of State* (New York, 1973), p. 374.
13. Ibid., pp. 403-04.
14. Ibid., p. 401.
15. Ibid., p. 289.
16. Ibid., p. 370.
17. George Orwell, in *Shooting an Elephant* (London, 1953), p. 101.
18. Nisbet, op. cit., p. 12.
19. David Caute, "The Politics of Transcendence," *Listener*, 19 April 1973, p. 518.
20. *Book World*, 16 January 1972.
21. A.J.P. Taylor, *Europe: Grandeur and Decline* (London, 1967), pp. 56-57.
22. Quoted in Eugene H. Methvin, *The Rise of Radicalism* (New Rochelle, N.Y., 1972), pp. 221-22.
23. Michael Karpovich, "A Forerunner of Lenin—P.N. Tkachev," *Review of Politics*, July 1944, pp. 336-40, quoted in Methvin, op. cit., p. 222.
24. Quoted in Eugen Weber, *Varieties of Fascism: Doctrines of Revolution in the Twentieth Century* (Princeton, N.J., 1964), p. 36.
25. Eugene Goodheart, *Culture and the Radical Conscience* (Cambridge, Mass., 1973), p. 89.
26. Quoted, in ibid., p. 87.
27. J. R. Harrison, *The Reactionaries* (London, 1966), pp. 25-26.
28. Lionel Trilling, *Mind in the Modern World* (New York, 1973), p. 3.
29. Ibid., p. 36.
30. James Q. Wilson, "Liberalism versus Liberal Education." *Commentary*, June 1972, p.50.
31. Ibid., p. 51.
32. Ibid.
33. Richard H.S. Crossman, "Personal View," *Times* (London), 27 June 1973.
34. Leszek Kolakowski, "Intellectuals Against Intellect," *Daedalus*, Summer 1972, p. 4.
35. A.J.P. Taylor, op. cit., pp. 56-57.
36. Edward Shils, *The Intellectuals and the Powers* (Chicago, 1972), p. 62.
37. Daniel Bell, *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* (New York, 1973), pp. 212, 298.
38. Ibid., p. 422.
39. Ibid., p. 454.

Responding to Crime: Deterrence vs. Rehabilitation

RECENTLY ATTORNEY GENERAL William Saxbe grabbed about forty-five seconds of network news time by making some semi-apocalyptic noises about the nation's crime rate. According to our chief law enforcement officer, an alarming number of citizens have taken up felonious pursuits, and their ranks are swelling every day. Now Mr. Saxbe is, fittingly, perturbed by all this. And so it was not surprising to see him on the screen, doing his darndest to seem a crusty and irreverent old cuss (it's his best and only routine), while informing us that unless the country was willing to establish a national police force, dire and dismal days lay ahead.

America's rising crime rate, one must confess, has become a venerable and often tiresome topic in recent years; but I think we may forgive the Attorney General for milking it just a little more on a slow news day. Granted, Saxbe's act is a bit difficult to take right after dinner. But one must remember that the A-G has an uphill fight in his battle to approach the levels of notoriety achieved by his immediate predecessors. More important, though, is the fact that crime statistics are indeed becoming genuinely distressing—and Saxbe's antics aside, the question of what can be done about crime is a serious public issue. Allow me to suggest, then, that instead of babbling on about a "United States Police Department" or equally silly ideas, we might profit by re-examining the fundamental notions of punishment and deterrence.

Now, this suggestion, I realize, would make any good, liberal, and self-respecting sociologist gag, should he be so foolhardy as to pick up *The Alternative* and glance at this column. "Deterrence," after all, has a distinctly nineteenth century ring to it, and "punishment" sounds positively medieval; such ideas are surely outmoded, are they not? By this time, one would think, everyone should understand that only by rehabilitating the criminal, and by eradicating the unhealthy environment that produced him to begin with, can we hope to *really* solve our crime problem.

Such indeed is the current learning, as the most casual observer of our times can gather. An Elmer Wayne Henley, whose avocations include murder and homosexual rape, is portrayed in sensitive news features as a good but troubled lad who somehow went wrong. Following his conviction, his mother informs the nation (courtesy of ABC) that her son has been railroaded by a vengeful system which cares little for the lad's welfare. A National Commission on Civil Disorders speaks sorrowfully of the urban blight and "white racism" which "causes" riots and looting; a National Commission on Crime chastises a prison system that "produces" high rates of recidivism. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts responds with a pioneering program of conjugal visits and weekend furloughs for convicted felons (which has only marginally added to the crime problem in the great Bay State). And who did not long for thoroughgoing penal reform when he read the words of the Rt. Rev. Daniel Berrigan, S. J., exposing the character of his captors in the pages of *Ramparts*: "They troubled, uncertain, overkilling us with complacency, sloppy in execution of the law, potbellied, lazy of mind, angry with those of us who will not grow cabbage leaves about the ears, who protest reduction of men to sticks and stones."

These are stirring words, and I hesitate to respond. One does not wish to appear, after all, as an advocate of growing cabbage leaves about the ears. But perhaps one comment about the whole "need for rehabilitation" thesis is in order. And that, quite simply, is that it does not work. While deterrence apparently does.

Gordon Tullock has recently documented this in an excellent article in the Summer 1974 *Public Interest*, entitled, appropriately enough, *Does Punishment Deter Crime?* Mr. Tullock first reviews the studies of a number of economists who sought to discover, to use the jargon of their field, whether increasing the cost of crime would decrease the amount of crime committed. While these studies employed various

measures of the punishment level in a given jurisdiction (using different balances of such factors as length of sentence, average amount of time actually served, probability of conviction, etc.), all arrived at the same conclusion as a result of comparative analysis: punishment deters crime. Now economists, as Tullock points out, might well have a bias towards producing such findings; so it is hardly surprising that several sociologists took up the challenge implicit in the economists' results and decided that this was a question that deserved the attention of their discipline as well. What *is* surprising is that they, too, came up with the simple, common sense result that as punishment increases, crime decreases—even though all of them, according to Tullock, began their work hoping to find otherwise.

The Tullock article is outstanding, and I would recommend it highly. What is truly interesting about the piece, however, is not so much that punishment deters crime; rather, it is that one actually needs to spend time demonstrating it. The explanation, I submit, is that the simple logic of deterence represents a cruel challenge to the most fundamental desires of the public proselytizers for rehabilitation. As Irving Kristol eloquently pointed out last year in *Commentary*, the reason so many liberal intellectuals are dissatisfied with America is that it fails to provide an adequate outlet for their soaring dreams of great moral conquest. Instead, the public life of the nation is dominated by a middle-class ethic which emphasizes things like individualism, self-improvement, and bourgeois civil liberties; and while this may satisfy the great majority of American citizens, it is severely disappointing to those who would fain lead us along paths of greater enlightenment.

I believe that curiously enough, this same disappointment lies at the core of liberal resistance to the idea of deterrence. For the failure of rehabilitation and the apparent effectiveness of punishment indicate that our criminals, too, are less exciting than our liberal friends had hoped. Most of them, it seems, are not dark, mysterious creatures brooding about the sociological deficiencies of their early surroundings, striking out with ill-concealed rage at the crass materialistic society that rejects their kind. Nor does it appear that many of them are the victims of uncontrollable passion on whom punishment has no effect, who are in fact crying out silently for psychological help, if only we would listen. On the contrary, it seems that they are by and large a rather calculating lot, attempting to make their way in a chosen profession, and quite as responsive to the various incentives and discentives provided for them as you or I. In short, save for their somewhat callous disregard for the dictates of the law, they are as pedestrian a group of fellows as the good burghers of Steubenville, Ohio—and this is something which the liberal mind would rather not accept.

Most of us, however, should not have this problem—and accordingly, the effectiveness of punishment as a deterrent to crime should cheer us greatly. This is not to say, of course, that deterrence is the only or even the best justification for punishing criminals. On the contrary, punishment is considerably more important as a moral statement by our society—that those who violate its law *deserve* to be subjected to punitive measures. But if punishment also serves as an effective curb on crime, so be it. It seems then that we *can* communicate with much of our criminal element, and in a rather persuasive manner. I, for one, think that the dialogue should begin *post haste*. □

Benjamin Stein

The Client Nobody Knew

FOR SOME REASON, I always kept the door to my outer office unlocked. The door was on the third floor of an office building that hadn't been new when I had moved in thirty years ago, and it hadn't gotten any newer. It long since had been put into shade and then shadow by the Century Cities and Universal Cities of Los Angeles, but I figured it could still be found by anybody who needed me badly enough.

Evidently somebody did. I should have been tipped off by the enormous limousine waiting at the curb outside the building. Ever since Lipschitz's funeral parlor had been torn down to make way for a Taco Bell across the street, not too many people came down my street in limousines.

He was sitting there in my outer office when I came in, with two thugs sitting on either side of him on my worn-out couch. It too was old, but the people who came to see me were usually too nervous to sit down anyway.

He looked kind of familiar. His nose did a slow ski slope droop and his black and gray hair was pulled back crisply across his head. His blue suit looked like it cost $300 and maybe it did. His eyes had a kind of look as if they had seen a lot of sad things, things he didn't want to talk about, but had to.

"Are you Marlowe?" he asked in a confident and again familiar voice.

"No, I thought you were," I said, "Isn't this your office? You're in it."

"That's him," one of the bodyguards chimed in.

The familiar looking man rose, and his goons got up too.

"Of course I'm Marlowe," I said. "Who else would be in this dump before noon?" Of course, he was too, and I knew it when I said it.

"Just checking to be sure you knew your own name," the man quipped, with what I guess he thought was humor. But there was a kind of Irish twinkle about his eyes, so I didn't think he was going to have one of his gorillas hit me.

"Look, let's can the small talk and you can come into my inner office and take the load off your feet. But minus the heat. I don't like anybody packing iron in my office except me."

One of the bodyguards looked at me as if he wanted to break me up and use me for toothpicks, but I saw that the man in charge had gestured to both of them to sit down.

We walked into my office and I got into my chair and reached for the bottom drawer of my desk. I came up with a pint of rye and two glasses.

"Need something to get your eyes open?" I asked him as I poured myself a short one.

"I think that a man who drinks should be sure that he can both drink and drive. And stay alive too," he added as an afterthought.

"Oh Christ," I thought, "a politician."

"Look, I haven't seemed to have had any trouble getting down here this morning, so I guess I can drive and drink. But what's on your mind? If you aren't here for a free snort, maybe you have some kind of business for a private dick."

It had been longer than I liked to think since I had a paying client, and I didn't want him to know that. Somehow, no matter how much dough they have, if they think you're down and out, they try to get your price down. But mine was fifty dollars a day plus expenses and nobody could make me come down from that. The man sitting across from me must have been reading my mind.

"I admire the spirit of those people who try to make themselves and their countries succeed by working. I have always believed that a man, or a woman, should be able to earn more by working than by going on welfare," he said, and then paused as if he was waiting for me to applaud.

"Look," I said, "I can live without the sermons. I don't get too many ministers in my line of work. What do you want me to do?"

He looked as if he might at last come to the point. "I've lost something," he said after a long pause. Then, after another pause he added, "or maybe somebody took it from me. I'm not sure. But I want you to find it."

"Maybe it would help if you told me what it was you seem to have lost. Or had taken from you. That would be a convenient place to start."

His eyes suddenly looked terribly sad and I felt a pang of pity for this man whom I did not even know. He looked as if he had been through hell on his hands and knees but would still come out and answer the bell for the next round. He looked right past me, out through my dusty windows where the cars were racing by on the

San Diego Freeway. He seemed to be trying to think of what to say next.

When he finally spoke, he didn't help me out too much with what my first job always is with a new client—figuring him out.

"Well, I never had all of it," he said, "but at one time I had over sixty percent of it." His face took on a faraway look, as if he were remembering his honeymoon. Then his face clouded over again. "Now I have only about twenty-five percent of it, and I want to know what happened to it. I want you to get it back. Legally, of course." He looked terribly sincere when he said it, as if he thought I might be tape recording what he said with a video tape recorder.

"Look Jack," I said, "Eva the Palm Reader is down the hall. I don't deal in riddles, at least not when I can help it."

"It's hard for me to explain," he said, falteringly. "I'm not trying to hold back anything that would be useful or that you would need for your investigation. At the same time, I have to think of my office and those who come after me in it."

He was about as clear as the picture on my fifteen-year-old black-and-white television set. "Look, what is this office? And maybe we better start with you telling me who you are."

He looked at me for a very long time, as if he were still trying to make up his mind about whether he could trust me. He was one of those guys who chews a thought over and over, like an Irish setter with a bone, or maybe a bloodhound.

"Do you really not know who I am?" he said, less a question than a resigned declaration of how far he had fallen.

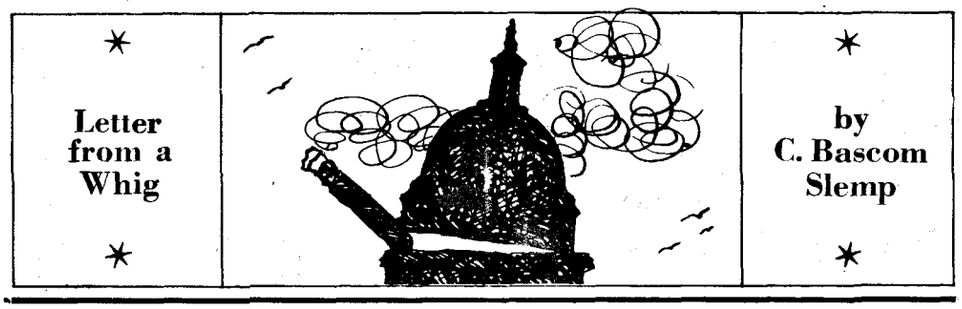
"I know who you look like, but I can't see him coming all the way up here from San Clemente to use a private shamus when he has the whole Secret Service."

"That's who I am," he said evenly. "And not so loud about the Secret Service. Who do you think I have with me out there?"

I reached into the bottom drawer for another pinch of rye.

I suddenly had an idea of what he wanted me to find and I wondered if I was up to it. Maybe I could find what he wanted and maybe I couldn't. In my business there are a lot of dead ends. But then again we would be playing for high stakes.

"My fee's fifty a day plus expenses. I want another grand on top of that if I find what you're looking for and can return it to you." What the hell, I thought, a man's got to make a living. I turned around my chair and looked out into the gray L.A. sky. It was going to be one of those cases. □



The Republic Lives On

(Washington)—HAVING WORKED in the Nixon campaign in 1972 I had great hopes and expectations for the Nixon Presidency. But disagreement over domestic policies with the Nixon Administration arose quickly. Unlike most, I was also concerned with the Nixon-Kissinger shuttle diplomacy which, however glamorous it appears, can never be a substitute for policy.

In Nixon I had seen integrity, a man who had not enriched himself financially through politics, but the country after his resignation has nevertheless been left poorer than before he entered office. Nixon was not popular, not even among his supporters on Capitol Hill, and his political opponents hated him with a venomous passion. Yet Nixon's downfall, even after his involvement in the Watergate coverup, was far from inevitable. Had he condeded guilt and "come clean" early in the course of the Watergate history neither impeachment nor resignation would probably have been necessary. But Mr. Nixon was his own greatest adversary and his own victim.

Despite a personal trauma and a national tragedy the Republic lives on.

The Ford Convertible

Making political hay while the sun shines on him, President Ford has advocated a national health insurance proposal and operating subsidies for urban mass transit systems; he has proposed amnesty for Vietnam era draft dodgers and deserters; and he has his own proposal for a Consumer Protection Agency (which despite its title would not serve to protect consumers). Mr. Ford has also changed his mind on the Rhodesian chrome issue. (He will support the United Nations sanctioned embargo and thus void the Byrd amendment which had permitted importation of strategic materials from Rhodesia, particularly chrome. Now the United States will have to buy Rhodesian chrome from the Soviet Union at twice the previous price.) Not to let matters stand with that, President Ford then nominated former New York governor Nelson Rockefeller for the Vice Presidency. Senator Goldwater could only shake his head upon this Ford onslaught. Expressing his dismay, Goldwater is reported to have said that he never believed he would see the day when a Republican President would nominate Rockefeller for the Vice Presidency and come out for amnesty within the same twenty-four hour period. Despite the fact that it has not received media coverage, Capitol Hill conservatives are seething with anger over Ford's "convertible actions." Since the decks in the Senate and House were cleaned for the impeachment process, Congressman Phil Crane (R.–Ill.) fears that idle time will now become the devil's playground until the Ninety-third Congress either adjourns or recesses.

One Senate staffer put the New Ford Convertible to blurb and was willing to share it with our readers: "No longer a stodgy middle roadster, it changes at a moment's notice. Its bumpers are now made of non-Rhodesian chrome. Accidents are covered by national health insurance. It is financed with transit subsidies, it has a chauffeur that spent the last six years in Montreal, and it comes with a governor that helps make left turns."

Post-Watergate Morality

In the weeks after President Nixon resigned, the moral tone in the Nation's Capitol was running particularly high. A series of "harmless pranks" during those weeks illustrates the character of post-Watergate morality.

Someone thought it might be amusing to insert phony articles into the *Congressional Record* under the names of various Congressmen. Needless to say, Louisiana Democrat Otto Passman was not amused when he read that he was calling Ann Landers columns to the attention of his fellow Congressmen. Nor was Representative John Ashbrook of Ohio amused when he read an absurd defense of the Chilean military junta he supposedly inserted. Finally, Earle Landgrebe (R.-Ind.) was none too pleased when his opponent in the upcoming elections quoted him as recommending that President Ford appoint Richard Nixon as Vice President.

The "harmless pranks" extended to reports of alleged discriminatory hiring practices by a number of our national legislators. The Joint Committee on Congressional Operations runs a placement service for the House and Senate membership. According to a story which broke in newspapers across the country, some Congressmen and Senators stipulated "no blacks," "no minorities," "no Catholics," and other such stipulations in their requests to the placement office for job applicants. One astrologically inclined Congressman did not even want individuals born under the signs of water to apply for positions on his staff. Most congressional offices denied any knowledge of such requests, which can be accounted for only by "harmless pranks."

The Odyssey of a New Conservative

Less than two years ago Senator George McGovern (D.-S.D.), as the Democrats' pres-

idential candidate for the New Politics in 1972, promised the American public an eschatological age. McGovern carried only Massachusetts and the District of Columbia that year. His bitter defeat left the Democratic Party scarred and divided, and whether it will be controlled by the new liberals or the old liberals come '76 has yet to be determined.

In the meantime George McGovern is back on the campaign trail in his native state of South Dakota, a state which needless to say he was not able to carry during his presidential quest. It was expected that McGovern would have a tough campaign in 1974, after his nationally known liberal credentials proved unpalatable for South Dakotans—but politics is full of surprises. McGovern's campaign chests are overflowing with money from his presidential bid and he has also begun to shed his liberal image of the New Politics for that of a New Conservative. Evidence the *Congressional Record*, July 29, 1974:

". . . at intervals I [McGovern] read observations by someone that expresses exactly what I have been thinking, but have not expressed so well as the writer. I had such an experience in reading [a] piece . . . in . . . the *Washington Post* by the distinguished columnist, Haynes Johnson."

Johnson's article was entitled "The Odyssey of a New Conservative" and it depicted what Johnson called his growth from a New Deal liberal to a "new conservative." Says Johnson:

" . . . I grew up . . . a liberal. A strong central government was essential and we, the people, could rely on the government to exercise its powers to insure that the greatest number derived the greatest benefits . . . vox populi . . . .

"Now I find myself in a peculiar position. In private conversation with such as George Will and James Buckley, I discover far more areas of intellectual agreement than disagreement . . . I am a new conservative with no place to go politically. (I long ago cast off any allegiance to the Democrats as a Party; I am not sure any more what either they or the Republicans represent.)

"I say all this because I suspect many Americans today share my disquiet."

Unlike Mr. Johnson, Senator McGovern has the means to show his new conservatism. If McGovern is now in "intellectual agreement" with Senator Buckley his voting record and public pronouncements do not reveal it. However, George McGovern is up for reelection so let's not confuse the issue with facts. Let's give the residents of South Dakota the New Politics under the more politically appealing cloaked euphemism of "new conservatism." The public will buy it!

A Big Hit

Shortly before leaving his position as Chairman of the Council on Economic Advisors, Herbert Stein did a guest column for the *Washington Post*. Not known for mincing words Stein had the following advice to offer United States Senator Ted Kennedy (D.-Mass.) on his proposal for a tax cut: "Dear Sen. Kennedy: I appreciate your effort to cut my taxes, but if it's all the same with you I wish you wouldn't. I'm afraid if you cut my taxes you will have to cut taxes for a lot of other people too. Many of them will get to the stores early and will push prices up before I get there. So I won't be any better off, and may be worse. I know your brother John cut taxes and that was a big hit. But you can't do everything he did."

Ah, indeed, the Republic lives on. □

Henry Regnery

Our Orchestras and Their Purpose

SYMPHONIC MUSIC has become so generally available, even commonplace, through records and radio, that it is easy to take it for granted, to overlook what a magnificent instrument a fine orchestra is and the long development that made it possible. In all the other arts, earlier civilizations have done as well or better than ours; it is only in music that the civilization that developed in Western Europe, which we, justifiably or not, consider our heritage, has gone far beyond all others, and in no form of music is this more evident than in the symphony orchestra. It is not too much to say, therefore, that the symphony orchestra represents one of the greatest and most characteristic achievements of our civilization.

The instruments of the modern orchestra—the strings, brass, woodwinds, and percussion—are the result of an artistic and technical development of a high order. Their perfection derives from the application of the most skillful craftsmanship to a specific artistic objective, and this combination of artistry, craftsmanship, and rational analysis is the expression of a quality or attitude that is uniquely Western. The violin, viola, cello, and bass had been brought to their present form by the end of the seventeenth century, and although the brass and woodwinds were further developed in the nineteenth century, by the time of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven the instruments of the orchestra were available in substantially their present form, with performers capable of meeting the demands the composers placed upon them.

Whether there is a causal relationship or not, it is interesting to note that it was during the age of rationalism that the instruments of the modern orchestra were developed; so was the understanding of the nature of sound, doubtless another necessary element in the creation of symphonic music. For the fact that all this should have occurred in time for such creative geniuses as the Bachs, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart to make use of it, who were themselves the result of a long artistic development, there can be no rational explanation; we can only say that we are fortunate that it happened, and should regard it as an indication that God is kindly disposed toward man. No less a rationalist than Descartes, in 1618 at the age of twenty-two, published one of the early studies of acoustics and the aesthetics of music, but for the basic work in the scientific study of sound we are indebted to Joseph Sauveur (1653–1716) who, although born nearly deaf, was the first to devise an accurate method to measure the frequency of vibration of sounds. It was the scientific analysis of sound and the determination of the mathematical relationship between the frequency of vibration of the different notes of the scale which led to the tempered scale and the understanding of the elements of harmony. Whatever else we may lay at the door of the age of rationalism, it seems reasonable to say that we have it to thank for the instruments of the orchestra and the understanding of the nature of sound, two of the essential elements which culminated in the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven.

According to Richard Strauss, who, if anyone, should know about such things, "The origin of the symphony orchestra is to be found (besides in Bach's fugues for organ), in the string quartets of Haydn and Mozart." Paul Bekker, in his *Story of the Orchestra*, says much the same thing. The form of the symphony, according to Bekker, "was fixed by P. E. Bach, the symphonists of Mannheim, and, finally, Haydn. The decisive factor . . . was . . . the transference of the constructive principles of the piano and quartet sonata to the orchestra, organized as a quartet choir, its dynamic effects completed by the gradual addition of winds."

The orchestra of the Prince of Esterhazy, for which Haydn wrote many of his more than one hundred symphonies and which therefore played a central part in the development of symphonic music, was quite small, with only twenty-five to thirty musicians, and the orchestras for which Mozart and Beethoven wrote their masterpieces were not much larger. Such orchestras, it should be noted, were not organized on any sort of permanent basis, but were simply brought together to play a specific program, which was often organized for the benefit of the composer. The virtuoso orchestra as we know it, the orchestra, that is, with salaried players on a professional basis, a conductor, regular rehearsals, and public performances, began to develop in the 1830s, one of the first being the orchestra sponsored by the Duke of Meiningen. When Hans von Bülow, in 1886, invited Richard Strauss, who was then twenty-two, to come to Meiningen as his assistant, the Meiningen orchestra had become the leading orchestra of its time. Writing much later of his Meiningen experience and its influence on his artistic development, Strauss described

conducting one of his early compositions with no less a figure than Johannes Brahms in the audience, and Brahms' comments after the concert. Of von Bülow's musicianship and the Meiningen orchestra under his direction, Strauss had this to say: "There was never a trace of arbitrariness; everything came by necessity out of the form and content of the work itself. His driving temperament, always directed by the strictest artistic discipline and devotion to the spirit and letter of the composition (both are more identical than is usually believed) brought the work, by the most exacting rehearsals to a purity of presentation which for me still stands as the peak of perfection of performance of works for orchestra." It is worth mentioning, perhaps, that in contrast to the modern orchestra of a hundred or so musicians, a size now considered essential, the Meiningen orchestra managed with fifty-five.

The first American orchestras go back to the period during which the European orchestras were being organized as permanent institutions. The New York Philharmonic, for example, was founded in 1841, and the predecessor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Germania Orchestra, in 1856. The Boston Symphony was founded in 1881, but like the Philadelphia Orchestra, continued a much earlier tradition. The Chicago Symphony was founded in 1891, about the same time as the Berlin Philharmonic, and the Cincinnati Orchestra in 1895. We can make no claim to having produced composers comparable to Beethoven, Brahms, or, coming closer to our time, Richard Strauss, but in the performance of music we began early and have established a solid tradition of excellence. The leading American orchestras rank among the best in the world, and there are many others of high quality which bring great music, played with proficiency, spirit, and understanding, to many people. The first conductors and most of the players came from Germany or were German trained—Leopold Damrosch in New York; Theodore Thomas and Frederick Stock in Chicago; Alexander Scheel in Philadelphia; Georg Henschel, Wilhelm Gericke, and Arthur Nikisch in Boston. By now the players are usually American born and trained—many Americans, in fact, now perform in European operas and orchestras—but for conductors we seem still to be dependent on Europe, Leonard Bernstein being one outstanding exception. We owe a cultural debt to Germany for the many well-trained German musicians who brought us good music and helped to establish a musical tradition, just as Germany is indebted to Italy for the many Italian musicians who contributed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the development of German music.

There are now probably more orchestras in the United States than in any other country, ranging from the self-styled "Big Five"—Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia—through excellent orchestras in such cities as Minneapolis, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, and Detroit, which offer their players year-round contracts, to orchestras in such smaller cities as Indianapolis, Kansas City, Rochester, and New Orleans, which are all professional, but play for only part of the year. In addition, there are several hundred orchestras made up of people who love to play, many of whom play with professional competence but make their living in some other way. One such orchestra, the St. Louis Philharmonic, was founded in 1860, and is therefore one of the oldest orchestras in the country. Such orchestras usually have a professional conductor, rehearse regularly, and bring in leading soloists; and while they make no claim to playing with the virtuosity of one of the leading orchestras, they bring good music to their communities and enrich the lives both of their members and of those who hear them. One who has never had the experience of taking part in the performances of great music can have no conception of what it means to those who do.

Budget Problems

The one thing that all these orchestras—and there are more than a thousand—have in common, besides dedication to good music, is difficulty in balancing the budget. Like most of the better things of life, good music "doesn't pay." The income from the sale of tickets is almost never enough to cover the cost of putting on the concert. The budget of the Chicago Symphony, which will be quite representative of the orchestras in the larger cities, for the season 1973–74, in round figures looks about as follows:

Income:	
Ticket sales and related income, home concerts	**$1,885,000**
Touring and out-of-town concerts	**606,000**
Recording and TV	**196,000**
Endowment and special grants	**1,098,000**
Hall and Building	**210,000**
Total Income	**$3,995,000**
Expense:	
Orchestra	**$2,285,000**
Chorus	**97,000**
Related music and concert expense	**790,000**
Touring	**331,000**
Recording	**148,000**
Administrative, fund raising, general	**1,100,000**
Hall and building	**606,000**
Pensions, social security, insurance	**408,000**
Total Expense	**$5,765,000**

All of which leaves a deficit, to be raised from private sources, of $1,770,000.

The total budget of the twenty-eight major American symphony orchestras in the 1972-73 season was $75,600,000; income from ticket sales was $35,000,000, and government support amounted to $8,000,000. The deficit to be raised from private sources came to $32,600,000, but after the most strenuous efforts a net deficit of $2,800,000 remained. What such deficits portend for the future is made depressingly evident by the decision last spring of the trustees of the Dallas Symphony to discontinue their orchestra.

The budgets of the smaller, less professional orchestras, needless to say, are on a very different scale, but present the same difficult problems for those responsible for them. The orchestra in Elkhart, Indiana is probably a good example of such a group. The conductor, who is a native of Elkhart and founded the orchestra some twenty-eight years ago, is a well-trained, dedicated,

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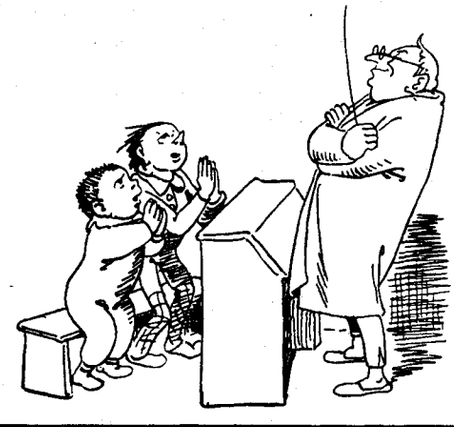

and thoroughly competent musician. With a budget of less than $45,000, of which about 40 percent comes from ticket sales, the Elkhart orchestra, by making it possible for many people to hear great music and to take an active part in making it, makes a substantial contribution to the cultural life of the community. The full orchestra of some eighty players rehearses weekly during the season, and gives six to eight public concerts each year. There are also several chamber-music groups associated with the orchestra who play publicly and provide innovative and imaginative performances for the schools. A year or two ago the Elkhart orchestra gave an inspiring performance of Beethoven's Ninth symphony. The program for the coming season includes Bach's *Christus lag in Totesbanden*, Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and a concert performance of Verdi's *Tosca*. Such an orchestra, and there are many like it in our country, demonstrates that great music need not be an artificial art confined to the museumlike atmosphere of the concert hall, but can still play a vital part in the life of the community.

The musicians in the larger orchestras are not underpaid, but considering the professional skill and long years of training required, and the demands made on them, their compensation is relatively modest.

The minimum basic salary of a musician in the Chicago Symphony for the 1973-74 season was $350 per week. There are many extras, it should be mentioned, and the principals are paid substantially more. The salary scale in the other comparable orchestras will be about the same, but considerably lower in the orchestras in smaller cities, where playing in an orchestra must be accepted as a part-time job, as it used to be also in the major orchestras. The emoluments of the big international conductors, on the other hand, who rush by jet plane from one concert to another, are something else again, but this is at least partly a matter of supply and demand—there are not many Soltis or Karajans. Solti is no doubt paid more for conducting one concert than Mozart received in a year of the most overwhelming creativity, but our time produces no Mozarts, and must seemingly content itself with the Soltis, whom we treat more like reigning princes than musicians.

Structural Problems

The typical American professional orchestra is organized as a non-profit corporation, administered by a board of trustees, and supported largely by contributions from private sources. The trustees are usually people interested in civic affairs, some of whom may have a particular interest in music, but more often than not they are selected on the basis of what they can contribute financially to the orchestra, or raise from others. The affairs of the organization are entrusted to a professional manager, who, with the approval of the trustees, usually employs the conductor or music director, who, in turn, is directly responsible for the artistic affairs of the orchestra—guest conductors, programs, soloists, and employment of musicians. Many orchestras have a "screening committee" made up of players, which auditions candidates for membership in the orchestra, but the final decision is made by the music director. The members of nearly all the professional orchestras are members of the musicians union, which is usually a condition of employment, so that the relationship of the trustees to the musicians is that of employer to employee; this has led to much misunderstanding, long, drawn-out union negotiations, and, in a number of cases, to strikes. Last fall in Chicago, for example, negotiations were deadlocked for weeks, with musicians parading back and forth in front of Orchestra Hall carrying the aggressive, self-righteous signs which have become customary on such occasions, and which serve no other purpose than to exacerbate matters still further.

If looked at realistically, this whole arrangement would appear utterly absurd: the trustees are not employers, as properly understood, and the musicians are not employees; to organize a symphony orchestra on the same basis as a factory makes no sense, and is completely contrary to the artistic purpose for which it exists. The trustees give their time, and usually money, thereby making it possible for a group of musicians to exercise their talents and professional skills, all for the purpose of keeping a great art alive and providing the community with good music.

The contract between the musicians union and the Orchestral Association of Chicago, which is typical of all such contracts, must be seen to be believed. Every aspect of the musicians' employment is set out in complete detail—the duration and number of concerts and rehearsals, the number of players in each section, the terms under which the orchestra may give special concerts or be used for radio, TV, and recordings, etc. If a flutist also plays the piccolo during a concert he must be paid an additional $25. "Open rehearsals" are defined as "rehearsals before an audience of members of auxiliary groups of the Association" and only four are permitted each year; when the orchestra spent a week at the University of Illinois and a few students slipped into a rehearsal, the union demanded that the players be paid the additional amount required for an extra concert.

The following clause will give some idea of the spirit of the union contract: "If the playing of a concert during the subscription season has concluded within the maximum time limits for the concert, and applause at the conclusion of the concert delays the time at which the Members are excused from the stage beyond the maximum time limits, then overtime will not be payable if the delay does not exceed five minutes. If the delay exceeds five minutes, then overtime will be paid for the entire period of the delay; and if such delays occur on more than five occasions during any contract year, then overtime shall be paid for each occasion in excess of five, whether or not the delay exceeds five minutes."

To all this the musicians would reply, and with considerable justification, that if they are treated like employees they will act like employees. Rather than keep a structure which puts management and musicians on opposite sides of the fence, it would seem more reasonable to work out an arrangement in which the proper role of each in the ultimate purpose of the organization—good music—would be recognized. As all the larger symphonies are presently organized, responsibility for the selection of the manager and the music director, and therefore for the artistic direction of the orchestra, lies solely in the hands of the trustees. Managers and music directors no doubt seek the advice of the musicians, but however much they may be consulted, the musicians are not recognized as having any responsibility for the basic artistic decisions affecting the orchestra: choice of conductors, soloists, and programming. Is it any wonder, then, that they consider themselves, and behave, as employees?

To work out a structure which recognizes the proper relationship of the trustees and musicians to the purpose of the orchestra

would not be easy, especially with the present absurd organization and appalling union contracts as a starting point, but if the symphony orchestra is to survive as the creative and positive influence which is its only reason for existence, a start must be made. As Rafael Druian, who has served as concertmaster of the Dallas, Minneapolis, Cleveland, and New York orchestras, put it in a recent article, "The orchestra is not there to pay musicians. The orchestra is not there to provide ego satisfaction for conductors. The orchestra is not there to be a property of its board of directors and its manager. The orchestra is there to make music. And only if that function is carried out at the highest possible level of achievement can answers be found for the problems that develop in trying to achieve that end" (*Symphony News*, June 1974).

As a practical matter, the present arrangement with its union contract is not to be condemned because it has brought the musicians much higher incomes than they had in the past—no one begrudges them that—but because by severely restricting the flexibility of the orchestra and, in turn, its usefulness to the community, the present employer-employee relationship endangers the orchestra's future. Embattled trustees, facing ever-rising deficits, dream of government subsidies, but that would be no

solution, only the source of a host of new and worse problems; consider what the racial quotas and "affirmative action" programs the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has forced down the throats of the colleges and universities would do to a symphony orchestra. If the government supplies money, its bureaucrats will soon discover means to find self-fulfillment by issuing orders and regulations.

A Place for Orchestras?

In view of all the problems that beset the professional orchestra, it is fair to ask whether there is really any place in modern society for the highly organized, costly, and rather artificial institution the big symphony orchestra has become. Does all this—the super-star conductors, the professional managers and public relations experts, the musicians who seem more interested in squeezing out the last penny for overtime than in music, the prestige-conscious trustees, the women's boards and all the rest—have anything to do with the music of Beethoven and Mozart? If those who attend the concerts are not willing to cover their costs, why should others, and especially the taxpayers, be asked to do so? Little or no music is being composed for symphony orchestras these days that more than a handful of people want to hear; for those who want to hear the classics, excellent recordings are available. Has not the symphony orchestra become an anachronism, as far removed from our world as the eighteenth century courts where it originated?

While there may appear to be some justification for such an attitude, the symphony orchestra has a far more important role in modern life than to play a few concerts a week to a limited audience. One of the most important and perhaps least understood functions of a great orchestra is to maintain standards, and in a time when all standards—standards of conduct, of workmanship, of integrity—are disintegrating in the face of the attack on the destructive element that is present in any society, this function becomes all the more important. The merchandise we buy may be shoddy, the officials we elect corrupt, our judges venal, our teachers incompetent, our repairmen careless, our theatre and literature obscene, our press hypocritical and self-serving, but when one of our good orchestras plays one of the great classics of music we can still be reasonably sure that the performance will be dignified, and as nearly faultless as it is humanly possible to make it. It may be, as one of the most serious concert artists we have once put it, that it will be the poor musician, who has usually sat at the lower end of the table, who will be the last to uphold the traditional values of our civilization.

Recordings have their place, but they are no substitute for a live performance; a recording is fixed forever, and therefore, in a sense, artificial, but a performance, like every true work of art, is unique and related to its time and place. A symphony concert, it should not be forgotten, is also more than playing and listening to a program of music; it is a social and cultural event, it brings people together for a higher purpose, and by offering them beautiful music, gives them a glimpse, as the Spanish philosopher Unamuno would put it, of the eternal, for which there is little enough occasion in modern life.

The symphony orchestra is one of the great cultural achievements of our civilization. If such an institution, with all that it has come to mean for the order and higher aspirations of Western man is not worth saving, then our civilization may not be worth saving either. □

David Keene

Ford and the GOP Prospect

MR. NIXON'S DECISION to resign the Presidency rather than face almost certain removal after impeachment by the House of Representatives and what would have to have been a long and bitter trial in the Senate was greeted with relief in most quarters. Even his friends were deserting him and it was clear by Tuesday of the week of his resignation that he could not survive, that the game was up.

Most Americans were sick of Watergate. They were tired of reading about it and disgusted by the whole affair. They wanted it to go away and in the end they were blaming Mr. Nixon, his Congressional critics, and the press for keeping it alive. They, like Mr. Nixon himself, wanted to "put Watergate behind us," but by July of this year they were beginning to accept the thesis that this could be accomplished only be removing the President.

It is difficult so soon after Mr. Nixon's announcement, to predict the consequences of his action on the country or on the Republican Party. Indeed, it might be safest to predict that most predictions will be wrong. The events of the past few years have astounded most of us. The Kennedy assassination, President Johnson's capitulation, Vice President Agnew's forced resignation, and now the fall of a President who swept forty-nine of the fifty states less than two years ago, could not have been predicted in advance.

Future projections barring the totally unexpected are almost as difficult since Mr. Ford has yet to really begin remaking the national government in his own image. Still, though it may only be guessing, I suspect there are some general projections that can be made at this time.

Some Modest Predictions

First, it can be fairly assumed that Mr. Nixon has succeeded in "putting Watergate behind us." There will be continuing trials, of course, but the new administration will take over the front pages. The liberal firebrands in Congress and the media may continue to call for Nixon's blood, but I doubt very much if they will get it. The American people want to go on and are not likely to demand retribution from a man who has suffered enough and whom most will simply want to forget.

Politically, this will help the Republican Party, whose leaders had to be among the most grateful for Mr. Nixon's decision to step down. It was no secret in recent months that most Party leaders and GOP officeholders were quietly hoping for resignation. They knew that if the President did not "disappear" the Party would be in real trouble this fall.

Senator Goldwater was predicting that Watergate would cost GOP Congressional candidates ten percentage points in the elections, and House minority leader John Rhodes reportedly had survey data indicating that his party could expect to lose eighty House seats in November—his own among them.

These men realized that the Watergate atmosphere had destroyed Republican morale and made it impossible for GOP candidates to get off the defensive. They also realized that any position they might take would hurt them back home. This was true because though Mr. Nixon was rapidly losing the support of independents and marginal Republicans, he still had a hard core of supporters who would turn on anyone who deserted him.

Senator Jim Buckley of New York found this out in March when he publicly urged resignation. Within two days he received nearly eighteen thousand letters, telegrams, and telephone calls. Most of them were from Nixon people who had backed Buckley's candidacy in 1970 and were now pledging to work for his opponent when Buckley comes up for re-election in two years. Those letters hurt, and most Republicans running this year therefore concluded that they could not afford to desert the President.

Mr. Nixon bailed these men out by resigning, and the Republican Party may now be able to cut its losses this fall. This will be especially true if President Ford is granted the "honeymoon" period that many are predicting.

In addition to the short-term benefits, it would appear that Mr. Ford's rise to the Presidency will allow the GOP to run with an incumbent President in 1976. If Ford runs, the Party will also have a man who is generally seen as "clean" running at a time when the public is sick of scandal and questionable ethics.

Furthermore, by allowing the Republican Party to go into 1976 free of Mr. Nixon

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, is celebrating the publication of his new book, which is now available at avant-garde bookstores throughout New Jersey. Dr. Plunkitt's book is about the importance of altruism in politics and it is titled What's in It for Me? *Although Dr. Plunkitt expects to earn ten million dollars from sales of his new book, he has agreed to continue to advise public figures through this column. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o* The Alternative, *P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.*

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

I am the only candidate who has ever run for the Senate from New York, wearing levis and hush puppies. Of course this is a real advance against the rich and the powerful, and it is indeed a black mark against our system of government that ten years ago no candidate in the state could have won the nomination of a major party while wearing this attire, which is so very much indigenous to the culture of urban poverty. Nevertheless here I am; I even wear work shirts (no starch).

As you can easily imagine the rich and the powerful are out to get me. They have leveled a blistering attack upon a magnificent human being, Herbert X. Blyden, who seconded my nomination at the state convention, because he has had a little legal difficulty. He is under indictment for four counts of kidnapping and two counts of murder as a 1971 Attica rioter. Well, what of it? I asked Brother Blyden to second my nomination, because it seems to me that it is about time that we fulfill the expectations of the founders and extend the Bill of Rights to kidnappers and murderers in general. Are you willing to meet the challenge of the 1970s? Will you join my campaign staff?

Remember the Whales,
Ramsey Clark

Dear Ramsey Baby:

Aren't you a corker! I have read about your campaign, and I want you to know I favor what you are doing. With you and Gravel and Hartke in the Senate it will be like the rebirth of the Marx Brothers. But you don't want me on your staff. I suggest you call Woody Allen.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

On August 29th I read a very intelligent and, I must add, forward-leaning essay by Dr. Christopher D. Stone, on the op-ed page of the *New York Times*, which began: "The notion of extending legal rights to environmental objects—oceans, rivers, forests—sounds absurd and unthinkable when first encountered. But viewed historically, it is not so." Dr. Stone argued cogently and visionarily that it was only through "begrudged evolution" that Americans ever gave rights "to the insane, the blacks, aliens and Indians." How true. Crazy but true.

To come to the point, Dr. Stone believes it is about time that we extend the Bill of Rights to trees. I find his idea especially worthwhile as my November election approaches, for I find myself running against a so-called POW who has impugned my spotless, albeit complicated, war record. Dr. Plunkitt, can we get trees enfranchised before the November elections? And how do we get them to the polls?

Peace and Freedom,
George McGovern

Dear Senator McGovern:

Finally I find a New Politics proposal in the public interest! All your talking and caterwauling of doom has split the party into pieces and threatens the harmony of the country. The people like harmony, and they will vote for a party that promises harmony. Too often you people forget about votes. You don't want to attract votes; you want to attract television cameramen and such. The idea of attracting the votes of trees is a capital innovation in democratic theory, as I see it. If you can swing it, it will be as memorable an innovation as when Mayor Daley and Senator Lyndon Johnson enfranchised the residents of several reputable cemeteries back in 1960. But the way to do it is not to get your Harvard and your Yale hightoners to make speeches in the *New York Times* but to get back to your state. Wink at a few judges and let them know where the next "public improvement" will be built. Let them buy up a little real estate. That is what politics is all about—votes and taking advantage of your opportunities.

—GWP

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and therefore of Watergate, the resignation will allow the long-term demographic and attitudinal changes that favor the Republican Party in general and conservatives in particular to work their effect on the electorate. Those changes—charted by analyst Kevin Phillips in his *Emerging Republican Majority* some years ago—are continuing, but their electoral impact has been blunted by Watergate.

The fact is that the American people are becoming more conservative. Poll after poll has shown this trend in recent years, and with Watergate out of the picture this has to work to the benefit of the Republican Party.

Another Nixon?

This brings us to the impact of the Nixon resignation on the Republican Party itself. Journalists and others always pictured Richard Nixon as a product of the conservative wing of the GOP, but conservatives never shared this perception. They never viewed him as one of their own, though many of them supported him in both 1968 and 1972 against more conservative candidates who they felt could not win.

Most conservatives who knew Nixon sensed in him a man more interested in winning the Presidency than in doing anything with it. They saw him from the beginning as a manipulator rather than a man of ideas, as one who might do anything to get elected or to carve out a place for himself in the history books.

They were right, but they did not realize how little he cared for his own party. During the Nixon Presidency, the Republican Party organization was weakened and ignored. Nixon's victories were personal victories and he wanted them that way. Party leaders must today be hoping that his final defeat will be just as personal.

The fear now is that in terms of ideology and direction, Gerald Ford might prove to be just another Nixon.

Although many analysts describe Mr. Ford as a member of the right wing of his party, most conservative leaders consider him a centrist like Nixon. Indeed, more than one movement conservative leader opposed resignation because of a fear that as President, Ford would continue most of Mr. Nixon's programs and block whatever chance their hero, Governor Reagan of California, might have in 1976.

It is too soon to say whether Ford will run for a full term in 1976, but as I have already indicated, he will be guaranteed his party's nomination if he does.

And it is at least likely that he will decide to test his popularity in two years by seeking the office in his own right. If he does so, he will bar the Presidency for all time to rivals like Reagan and Vice-President-designate Nelson Rockefeller, both of whom will be far too old to try again in 1980.

But it does not necessarily follow that conservatives will lose power within their own party at a time when the country is moving in their direction. Instead, they may emerge as a powerful voice within a party no longer willing to sit idly by while its President calls all the shots. □

The Great American Saloon Series

by Siegfried Weisberger

The Saturday Night Club

Last year we auspicated this illustrious series not with the intent of publishing a string of autobiographical essays on sophomoric debauches nor with the intent of competing with the likes of Holiday *magazine. Even less did we intend to publish a series of irregular reports on the various low-grade alcohol pits spotting the Republic and serving as asylums for those human slugs whose mien is dependent on guff like the* Playboy *philosophy. What we intended was to do our patriotic part in restoring the saloon to its former high estate, by celebrating those grand palaces of bibulosity that have endured and that, taken one with another, suggest the timeless principles of conviviality and intelligent discourse.*

Alas, I must admit that after four installments we seem to have exhausted both our supply of authorities in the field and our supply of subjects worthy of enthronement in this series. It is a horrible reality for a young idealist like your servant, and I will not accept it. Thus I have petitioned an essay from the man who taught me the crucial importance of sausages and pretzels for intelligent beer drinking.

Mr. Siegfried Weisberger is no stranger to this series. He is the founder of Peabody's Bookstore, the famed Baltimore librairie *and beer stube analyzed by Mr. James Grant in our March 1974 issue. For years he was a close associate of H.L. Mencken and other literary figures of yesteryear, but in 1954 he retired from bookselling, warning that the country was going to "the boobs," and what sentient follower of the American scene will rise up to gainsay him? In his retirement he has continued to collect and read books, to study America's preposterous decline, and to elucidate his judgments at innumerable beer drinking sessions in and about the Baltimore area. It was at one of these civilized gatherings that James Grant and I first met Mr. Weisberger and were instructed in the art of dignified beer drinking. "When you drink beer, you must not sip but guzzle," was Mr. Weisberger's first injunction, and our education has progressed from there.*

Such wisdom seems to have evaporated from the land, and so I asked the seventy-nine-year-old sage, who recently took up residence in Cambridge, to describe one of the great drinking organizations of Western civilization, the Saturday Night Club, a club that for nearly half a century maintained the highest traditions of the bibulous art. Its traditions embraced the ideals and principles which edified the great saloons of the past and which still obtain in those that remain. It is my hope that Mr. Weisberger's piece will serve as a blueprint to discriminating bartenders and their clients, and will help us maintain standards. I pray that this essay will inspire our readers to scour the nation for those great saloons that remain and to report them to our Americana editor, so that this journal can continue its great mission.

—RET

H.L. MENCKEN'S Saturday Night Club evolved from its founders' core love of music. Each session began with a salute to the end of the week and ended with an emotional longing for another gathering. Saturday night without music was not Mencken, and without music a weekend had no chance.

The Saturday Night Club met in a small second-floor room of a Baltimore building. In years past, the building had been a private home. A violinmaker opened a small shop on the first floor, which may have been a partial magnet for Mencken when he looked for a spot for his Saturday Night Club. The second-floor room where the Saturday Night Club gathered was unpretentious, with chairs, a piano, and ample room where the quartet of musicians was to play.

The skeletal structure of the Saturday Night Club was a close group of four men for whom music was a cherished love, as opposed to an occupational expression. H.L. Mencken, a newspaperman, was the pianist; a lawyer played the violin; a university professor held the viola chair; and an older retired businessman was the bass fiddler. Each musician knew his instrument thoroughly and each was skilled at interpreting the notes of classical masters. The players and their few listeners were thoughtful men who wanted to be active, in a small group, for the sake of spirits, for the good of music, for the zest of life, and to carry on a tradition that useful men had kept alive throughout the ages. Musical poets have sung and their lyrics have conveyed messages to dreamers and troubadours; these were the traditions that the Saturday Night Club strove to maintain. As the years passed, the Club became institutionalized and expanded to embrace a small orchestra and a growing collection of listeners, but in its first years, it consisted only of these four men who shared the expression of musical composition with a small circle of comrades.

Before the quartet started there was usually chatter among the musicians and the guests of the evening. The men shared among themselves what had transpired since the previous Saturday Night Club meeting; however, when Mencken nodded to begin the musical sequence for the evening, silence fell as a curtain falls on the stage. Mencken was a firm, gentle man and his reverence for music was respected without challenge. All gossip ceased when he shouted "Ruhe!" and cued his musicians to begin Haydn School Master for the first part of the concert. Frequently Haydn was the warmup for the Waltz King, Johann Strauss, and as the Saturday Night Club played his waltzes, Mencken's head swayed from side to side, his foot tapped the floor, and his entire body dramatized his internal love for the musical masters.

The repertoire of the Saturday Night Club was diversified but the "Beer Barrel Polka" was a special favorite. The "Beer Barrel Polka" mood was more spirited than some other melodies and it tinted the atmosphere with a moderate uproar, with speeding movements. Each member enjoyed polka playing, although the pleasure of the bass fiddler seemed most conspicuous during a polka rally. For the bass fiddler played the "Beer Barrel Polka" with the nostalgic reflection that he had inherited his bass from his grandfather, who had brought it to America when he fled from his native Germany during the revolution of 1848.

Each musician held his instrument masterfully as the skilled playing moved forward. It seemed that even the piano keyboard beamed as Mencken knowingly selected ivory or black notes with radiant pleasure. The Saturday Night Club was Mencken's party; he was the host, he was the conductor, he was the soloist, and he was the noble friend who eulogized musical masters or contemporary colleagues. Mencken clearly was the mainstay of the Saturday Night Club; however, in the spirit of his consistent emotional commitment to support those men he admired, Mencken endorsed solo performances from the viola, violin, and bass. Each performer bowed a perfect solo with a latent intent to please composer, conductor, comrade, and self.

With each musical expression, the Saturday Night Club saluted the will of a man who wanted to give justice to the spirit of music, and H. L. Mencken asserted that the spirit of music hailed ale. When the concert came to a close, the members and musicians seemed elated by the expression of musical masters as well as by Mencken's contagious endorsement of the spirit of the Saturday Night Club. So, regardless of the newspaper, legal, or academic pressures of the preceding week, the tone of the Saturday Night Club was refreshed and officially toasted with fine steins of beer.

At the end of each musical session, beer was served ceremoniously to Mencken and the other three musicians in traditional steins with attached lids. When not in use, the steins stood with stately dignity, on a special shelf. All other guests drank beer from regular seidel glasses which were described, with jovial respect, as "flat heads."

H.L. Mencken hailed the idiosyncratic qualities of fine beer: Munich beer, a Kulmbacher beverage, a Wurzburger beer—the light and dark—each superb.

In order to emphasize the delicacy and special quality of "fine malt liquor," Mencken liked to talk about beer in German: ". . . Ein helles und ein dunkles." Mencken recognized the great brewmasters, and he underscored their value to the good of the future of man in the same fashion that he gave homage to the products of past musical artists.

Mencken knew what he was talking about. Characteristically he is thought of in the context of newspaper reporting, editing the old *American Mercury*, writing his renowned *American Language* and his delightful autobiographical series, *Happy Days, Newspaper Days, Heathen Days*, and other noteworthy volumes. Yet Mencken came from a family with strong musical tradition, and music was a major part of his life.

Henry Louis Mencken was a second-generation American, but emotionally and philosophically he was an eighteenth century man, a man of the Enlightenment. His most beloved ancestor was such a man: Johann Burkhard Mencken, who died prematurely at fifty-eight in 1732, but who during his professional life, was the Rector of the University of Leipzig, then one of the most distinguished centers of learning in Europe. J.B. Mencken was a historian, an editor, and a poet under the pseudonymn, Philander von der Linde.

During the eighteenth century, Leipzig was prominent as a literary and musical center. Johann Sebastian Bach had been organist, teacher, and composer at the Thomas Church there, and each year the city's numerous vocal and orchestral societies gave many concerts. J.B. Mencken and the Mencken family were closely associated with these traditions of music and knowledge in Leipzig, and it seems likely that H.L. Mencken's literary and musical interests had roots in his distinguished Leipzig heritage.

Henry Louis Mencken was well equipped, as a distant member of this noted family, to bang his contemporary America and to shake its people to awaken, to think, and to reason with the development of a worthy civilization. Mencken has been described as "the most powerful personal influence on this whole generation of educated people," and clearly he was a powerful private citizen in America.

Mencken insisted on a unique role for American tradition. He insisted on a language for its people and a press for its written expression; nonetheless he was a man of tradition, and he expressed his sense of tradition in his love of music.

Each spring H.L. Mencken made a pilgrimage to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania to hear Bach's renowned *B Minor Mass*. Perhaps this annual ritual was another manifestation of firm familial roots in Leipzig.

The brutal hand of fate writes sad chapters to history. When Beethoven realized his total deafness, he stood up, pointed his finger to the heavens, and shouted, "Wie es ist so soll es sein"—as it is, so shall it be. Mozart was dumped into an unmarked grave in his native city, Vienna. Schubert was allowed to starve during the tender years of his manhood. Henry Louis Mencken was knocked down by a stroke which left him partially incapacitated and unable to write. He said with anguish, "Had I lost both of my legs, I could have sat in a wheel chair and written . . . now I give a damn—and at the end of the journey there shall be no chanting." □

Book Review

The Imperial Presidency

by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Houghton Mifflin $10

"THE PRESIDENT of the United States," said President Nixon at a news conference in early 1973, has a "constitutional right . . . to impound funds . . . when the spending of money would mean either increasing prices or increasing taxes. . . ."

Perhaps only a John Ehrlichman or a James St. Clair would attempt to justify so latitudinarian a view of presidential rights. Whatever its merits as theory, it has great value as a signpost to show how far we have traveled toward that "plebiscitary presidency" which Professor Schlesinger warns us against in his new book. Not that Mr. Nixon's claim was upheld in either the courts or in Congress. What makes it so glaring a signpost is that he even dared to say it, in the most public of forums, and that he provoked no firestorm of outrage and protest.

To be sure, the policy goal in pursuance of which the President made his claim is especially dear to conservatives, who, once upon a time, used to see the defense of the Constitution as their special charge. Cynics may mutter that conservatives thought the Constitution worth defending only so long as it could be used to defend profit margins. Let me propound a more general proposition: we fashion our constitutional theory to fit our policy preferences. Liberals no less than conservatives turn out to be stunningly flexible theorists when the policy occasion demands; the strictest constructionist of the First Amendment is likely to be the loosest constructionist of the Commerce Clause. And who among us graybeards is ever likely to forget the tidal shift of support for the Supreme Court that occurred from 1938 to 1958? The wonder was that thousands didn't get trampled in the rush of liberals and conservatives to claim the seats each had just vacated. Greater wonder still that so few of the rival ideologues paused to consider that something might be amiss with the analytic process itself to have produced so bizarre a spectacle, so massive a turnabout in constitutional theory mongering. At any rate we can look forward with some relish to the scene that is sure to take place if Mr. Ford plants just one more full-blooded conservative on the Court to replace Douglas, Brennan, or Marshall.

Now comes Professor Schlesinger, a small rueful smile at the corners of his mouth, to concede that, well, yes, he and other liberal academics and publicists might have spoken a bit too vehemently in favor of the strong presidency. For when the logic of their appeal came close to working itself out in the "revolutionary" presidency of Richard Nixon, they were not at all pleased with the results. But who after all could have imagined, back in the headiest days of the New Deal and Fair Deal and New Frontier, that an imperiously activist President could become the agent for effecting the fondest policy dreams of Senator Robert A. Taft, Sr.?

I don't mean to sound snide about this. The fact is, my own views on the proper scope of presidential power were, and are, very little different from Schlesinger's. And if I began to grow alarmed a bit earlier than he did, it was only because I was viewing the scene from the perspective of Capitol Hill while he was still fondly recalling his thousand days in the Kennedy White House. So it will take someone with far better Whig credentials than mine to sound superior about Schlesinger's confession of error.

That is not likely to happen soon or often. Genuine Whigs are only slightly more numerous on these shores than fervent Royalists. And who but a mossback old Whig has consistently held that the presidency was growing too powerful for the health of the constitutional system? Today it is the liberals who raise that cry; yesterday it was the conservatives. So today's conservatives ought to be chortling and applauding the liberals' discomfiture. Except that, for the past several years, conservatives have been too busy cheering the President on to new prodigies of aggrandizement.

The Decline of the Constitution

The Imperial Presidency is less a work of history than of polemics. No doubt Schlesinger himself—a superb historian when he wants to be—would concede that. Though it is quite a thick book by today's standards, it would have to be many times thicker to do scholarly justice to the mountainrange of materials bear-

ing on the growth of the Presidency throughout 185 years. So he chooses the examples that most strongly support his case and demolishes counter-arguments so insubstantial that one wonders how they ever could have been made. (See, for example, his effortless dispatch in Chapter Three of Senator Goldwater's grotesque claim that this nation has fought 204 wars in its history, only five of which have been declared by Congress.)

Still, the book is no more scholarly than it needs to be. Who after all doesn't know the general lineaments of this history of increasingly powerful Presidents and increasingly feeble Congresses? Those who want to argue that a President has a *right* to impound funds at will, to abolish duly constituted agencies on his own motion, to wage not only undeclared but secret wars against neutral nations, are not going to be dissuaded by constitutional-historical arguments. Schlesinger, an accomplished polemicist, understands this. He also understands, I think, that what distinguishes one constitutional theory from another is not its validity (in any scientific sense) but its artistry—how guileful the scholarship, how ingenious the argument, how graceful the writing. By these tests *The Imperial Presidency* deserves high marks indeed.

Celebrants at the altar of the omnipotent presidency are going to have to find a far more accomplished champion than Senator Goldwater (or whatever staff assistant writes his constitutional theory for him) if they don't want their ideal to appear even more tawdry than it is. Either that or shift the grounds of combat away from the constitutional. Concede, at long last, that the respective powers of the institutions of the Federal government are to be defined by contemporary need rather than by past practice—that what President Polk, for instance, may or may not have thought about executive privilege is all very interesting but not in any way relevant to what Presidents ought to be doing in the last quarter of the twentieth century. This is the approach that liberals used to take—to the rage and horror of all right-thinking conservatives—in the Roosevelt-Truman days, especially on campuses, where professors could afford to sound a great deal more cavalier about the dusty old Constitution than liberal politicians could out in public. And now that conservatives, too, have discovered that no constitutional practice must be allowed to stand in the way of whatever happens to be the policy imperative of the hour, now that both liberals and conservatives are once more milling about in the center of the field, edging their way toward each other's traditional seats, it might be time once and for all to divest ourselves of our hypocritical scruples and admit that we have no intention of being guided, restrained, or confined by rules laid down nearly two hundred years ago and altered over time by politicians no wiser, no more prescient than our own.

That seems to me to be what we are doing, more and more explicitly, as we come careening up to the Bicentennial. Unfortunately, however, we have given very little advance thought to the new shape we should like our institutions to assume. Instead we are letting them emerge however they might from each succeeding day's combat, because we're too frightened or too hypocritical to concede that our constitutional system is a shambles.

The greatest virtue of Schlesinger's book is that it forces us to recognize that this is going on and, by doing so, invites us to step back a little and think about new shapes. How much latitude *should* a President have in handling foreign affairs? Which branch of government *should* have the final say on fiscal and monetary policy? It is no use looking to the Constitution for answers, nor to the Federalist Papers, nor to the debates in the early Congresses. No one any longer will be bound by whatever answers may be found there. Schlesinger doesn't say that—it may not even have occurred to him—but that is the clear upshot of the historical and contemporary record he lays out for us.

It was that hard-line strict-constructionist Richard M. Nixon who stripped away the last layers of sentimental gauze to reveal an utterly naked power struggle where once a constitutional system had

seemed to stand. He showed that a President will seize whatever power he can in order to carry out his policy goals; and an increasingly supine, almost paralytic, Congress can do little or nothing to stop him. Schlesinger's analysis of Nixon's "revolutionary presidency" is as good as anything in the book, showing point by point the precise ways in which Nixon went beyond any of his predecessors in the extension of presidential power. Let Nixon's most ardent defender read that account and then try to justify, *in constitutional terms*, the President's actions. If anyone would undertake such a defense, he would be performing the greatest service since the Marx Brothers made *A Night at the Opera*.

Only Nixon?

"Ah yes," say you Nixon-haters, "but that was only *Nixon* doing all those awful things. Surely President Ford intends to return to the old system of living within decent bounds of power."

Yes, he does. And no, he probably won't, at least not for very long.

Mr. Ford is a very special President in more than just the obvious Twenty-fifth Amendment respect. To the best of anyone's knowledge, he never in his whole public life *wanted* to be President. Throughout twenty-five years as a Congressman he apparently remained immune from the kind of virulence that infects the whole noisome crowd of would-be Presidents, in both parties, who lust after the office as a heroin addict lusts after his next fix—tormented, driven men, each one confident that he alone can really run the show the way it should be run. By contrast, Gerald Ford not only escaped that awful contagion but remains, to the date of present writing, fully conscious of his own mortal fallibility. And it may even be—I hardly dare express the hope—that he is too old to change. In any case, it is a safe bet that he will do nothing to expand the bounds of presidential power. But can he really draw them in?

Many of us are capable of self-denial when we know what we are denying ourselves is evil, or at least discreditable. But how many of us could resist doing what we badly want to do when we are persuaded that it is in the best interests of the nation—nay, of the world—and that it is only wickedness or folly on the part of weaker men that leads them to oppose us? That is the situation in which Mr. Ford will often find himself. And to expect him to yield to constitutional scruples and not use the full existing power of his office is to expect an exhibition not of character but of saintliness.

Another point worth considering is this. In the general Watergate-is-behind-us euphoria we can too easily lose sight of the following facts: (A) throughout his career Richard Nixon enjoyed very little personal popularity; (B) he was elected in 1968 by only a hairbreadth margin against one of the most pathetic opposition campaigns ever seen; (C) the opposition party controlled both houses of Congress by comfortable margins during his entire presidency; and yet despite all that (D) he pulled off the most astonishing expansion of presidential power in American history.

So, putting aside guesses and hopes as to how Mr. Ford is likely to behave during the remainder of his present term, think what will happen the next time we elect a personally popular President, by a comfortable plurality, and give him a majority of Congress grateful to him for the pull of his coattails. Are we quite sure that such a President—having observed all that Nixon got away with prior to Watergate—will comport himself with the becoming modesty, the Whiggish self-restraint of an Eisenhower or a first-term Ford?

Only Congress might once have been able to call a President to account and to make him behave more or less in accordance with the constitutional system of the time. But the day of Congress as an independent power in American government has passed. Its abject failure for more than four years to rein in a runaway Executive shows that. Today it can do little more than to block a President's requests, and even that would be highly improbable if there were a popular President with majorities in both houses. Despite some scattered individual excellence among its members, Congress as an institution is contemptible. The next President probably won't be as obvious as Nixon has been about showing his contempt. But the policy results will be the same. →

All of which leaves us just where Professor Schlesinger ardently hopes we can avoid going—the "plebiscitary presidency." We must resign ourselves to a system in which every four years we elect a President who can pretty much run the Federal government as he likes. This is not to say that we should cringe in anticipation of his imposing all sorts of wildly radical policies (of the Left or Right) upon the nation; the political screening process is still fairly successful in reserving the upper reaches of power for conventional-minded politicians. And our society is probably still pluralistic enough to serve as an external check on radicalism in a President. But over a broad range of policy options both foreign and domestic, future Presidents may be expected to act with all the latitude which Nixon enjoyed, and then some, because none of his successors is likely to be quite so brutally arrogant in his neglect of Congressional sensibilities. (Surely the most inexplicable of all of Nixon's self-destructive kinds of behavior was his frequent and public display of contempt for even senior Republicans, men who had given him every support in his ascent to the White House. But that, I believe, is a subject for pathology, not political science.) Congress will retain only a kind of item veto, and even that will become more and more narrowly circumscribed in time.

For my own part, having come in middle age to believe that we suffer from too much rather than too little government, and viewing the original Constitution as an inspired device for keeping government as restricted as possible, I greatly regret the rise of the plebiscitary presidency. But to regret it is not to deny its existence. As a result, where Schlesinger concludes with a set of recommendations amounting to little more than a plea to Presidents to be more solicitous of Congress, I conclude that our only hope to avoid the worst consequences of constitutionally unfettered power is through the electoral process. I think we have to be extraordinarily careful—and extraordinarily lucky—in choosing men to invest with imperial power. To the extent it is possible to do so, we should choose character above ideology, human decency above intelligence. But there will almost never be sufficient evidence on which to make that sort of choice; we shall have to rely largely on intuition. So too in our selections for Congress. Men and women of character can serve as some restraining influence on the President, if only by making him uneasy.

But in the last analysis our birthright of freedom is ours alone to defend. It is not a very long step from an imperial presidency to a totalitarian presidency. The only impassable barrier is us.

Karl O'Lessker

Book Review

All the President's Men

by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, Simon & Schuster, $8.95

AT ONE POINT in the story of how two reporters for the *Washington Post* covered the Watergate story and broke much new ground in it, the following lines occur: "They had not broken the law . . . that much seemed certain. But they had sailed around it and exposed others to danger. They had chosen expediency over principle and, caught in their act, their role had been covered up. They had dodged, evaded, misrepresented, suggested, and intimidated, even if they had not lied outright."

Those sentences do not refer to Richard Nixon or Ron Ziegler. Bernstein and Woodward are referring to themselves. And in those words, and in one additional word, is the secret of their phenomenal success—chutzpah is the additional word.

Chutzpah is defined as that quality which allows a person who has just killed his parents to throw himself on the mercy of the court and ask for leniency as an orphan.

Bernstein and Woodward had it in spades.

By one of those ironic twists of fate, when the Watergate story first broke on June 17, 1972, the *Washington Post's* editors gave it to two of the most nervy reporters that have ever lived—Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward. They combined almost limitless energy with limitless chutzpah, strained the result through an almost incomprehensible writing style, and brought out some of the most interesting facts about the Watergate case.

It was Bernstein and Woodward who first made public the Mexican connection through which money from the Committee to Re-elect the President had reached the Watergate burglars. They did not find this out by their own investigations, but by getting Federal and local investigators to spill their guts.

Bernstein and Woodward also first broke the story about Donald Segretti and his dirty tricksters. They got the leads on this too from their sources within the government.

It was the golden boys who also got the first stories out about Haldeman's involvement with a secret fund used to pay the Watergate burglars. In this they were clearly wrong, at least in large part, and Haldeman himself denies the involvement to this day. But again, Bernstein and Woodward got what they wrote from sources, not from original research.

Nevertheless in their work, and in reading their book, there is a lesson for all students of government, reporting, communications, and human nature, which far transcends the reportage on Watergate.

The lesson is that in modern life, people who work in large organizations accumulate a lot of grievances. One of those grievances is that they are anonymous, faceless cogs in a machine. They can dispel some of the feelings of their own unimportance by telling secrets to the press. They can beat the system, in a word, by leaking.

They can "get back" at their bosses—the ones who do have known faces and personalities. They can become the center of attention—searched for both inside and outside their organizations.

Bernstein and Woodward found such people in the White House, in the Justice Department, in the FBI, in the CRP, and even in competing news-gathering organizations.

The people were rare and hard to find, but Bernstein and Woodward found that if they pushed against enough doors, eventually one would open.

The Bernstein and Woodward account of how they put their talents to work on the Watergate story is glowingly spelled out in *All the President's Men*. But the authors' title is as misleading as many of their newspaper stories, and indeed as misleading as large parts of the book. The title is supposed to imply that all of the President's men were involved in Watergate. In fact, of course, only a relative handful of the top officials of the government, of the White House, or even of the CRP have even been accused of wrongdoing.

But the Bernstein and Woodward book is chock full of more specific misleading or untrue implications. Just to cite a glaring example, Dita Beard is described as the ". . . *author* of the famous memo which *showed* that there was a connection between ITT's promise of several hundred thousand dollars to help the *Republican convention* and a *favorable* antitrust settlement." (emphasis added)

In fact, Dita Beard swore under oath that she did not write the memo attributed to her and that it was a forgery. The memo did not "show" anything. It implied a certain tenuous connection. The ITT pledge of money was to the San Diego Convention Bureau, not to the Republicans, and the antitrust settlement was not favorable to ITT. Instead it was the most stringent antitrust settlement in history, and even Archibald Cox praised it. Finally, Special Prosecutor Jaworski found no wrongdoing in the transaction. But the impression Bernstein and Woodward leave is very different.

Another example is even more typical of the kind of false image the book tries to give to all the activities of the White House. Repeatedly throughout the book, Woodward refers to a source so secret he

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **Animal Crackers:** The Marx Brothers—all four; count 'em—in a 1930s flop, their second film, a warmup for their triumphs later. Well, as Groucho says in response to a bloated industrialist's declaration of his travel plans ("I'm going to Uruguay"): "You go Uruguay and I'll go mine." It limps along at that level.

■ **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz:** A young Jewish go-getter getting going in Montreal in the '40s; a schizoid film, not quite comedy, not quite tragedy, but with some painfully sharp insights into Semitic American life, the wheat with the chaff.

■ **Buster and Billie:** 19 & 48 in rural Georgia, and Billie's the high school whore, but with heart of [cliché deleted]; Buster is BMOC. Margie is his girlfriend, and *she* won't let him make it with *her*, so *he* goes after Billie, and *they* fall in love, but his friends remember Billie when, and tragedy ensues. Plot banal, performances super, especially Joan Goodfellow's Billie and Jan-Michael Vincent flexing as Buster. Pamela Sue Martin's Margie brings back too many memories of those high school "nice girls" who drove us all to distraction and into the arms of those high school Billies.

■ **California Split:** George Segal and Elliott Gould as two gambling freaks, devoted to the tables night and day. Robert Altman's film captures the compulsive spirit of gambling (so I've been told by those who indulge . . .) and the off-hand ease of the dialogue is at times superlative. Rootlessness and a minor (but costly) mania come alive.

■ **Chinatown:** Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway in a Roman Polanski film dissecting political and business corruption in L.A. during the '30s. Nicholson's portrayal of a zealous detective at times overwhelms Dunaway's mystery lady, and the City of Angels nearly overwhelms them both. An obvious contender for those year-end awards lists.

■ **Death Wish:** Vigilantism in a fantasy vision of today's New York, with Charles Bronson avenging all the innocent muggees against the vicious muggers; drivel in high gear, a manic conception of how we shall overcome.

■ **Escape to Nowhere:** A gripping French chase film, with the Reds after the good guy, who's far from good, but better than bad; predictable in spots, but elsewhere intensely compelling.

■ **Flesh Gordon:** A rip-off of the old Flash Gordon adventure strip, with enough limp sex gags to deplete the population through sheer impotence. For connoisseurs of flesh, there are moments; for film-lovers, best to buy a dirty book. Otherwise, zilch.

■ **Going Places:** In the genre of *Easy Rider* and *Badlands*, unpleasant youngsters off on a spree, this time encompassing mayhem, the suicide of Jeanne Moreau, and at times a frightening depiction of the contemporary malaise. From France.

■ **Harry and Tonto:** Art Carney as an old man voyaging to visit his children, with his cat Tonto as companion. On the way he falls in with a wacky cast of characters, visits his first flame, now a senile old lady in a rest home, and confronts his daughter and two sons with some realities they've not bothered to consider. A tad mushy, but Carney is splendid.

■ **The Longest Yard:** Burt Reynolds as a prisoner, having a hell of a time adjusting. He was better in *Cosmopolitan*; he didn't act there, but then, he doesn't really act here. He scowls and growls and huffs and puffs and wise audiences will break the doors down to get away.

■ **S★P★Y★S:** D★n★ld S★th★rl★nd and ★ll★★t G★★ld as C★★ agents chased by the R★ds as well as by the ★m★r★c★ns in the unfunniest spy spoof imaginable, short of the one I'm about to begin filming: *The Mad Adventures of G. Gordon Liddy.*

■ **The Tamarind Seed:** Omar Sharif, he of flashing fertile crescent eyes, and Julie Andrews, about whom it will in time be said, as of the late sainted Calvin Coolidge, that she was weaned on a pickle, engaged in a, uh, well, shall we call it a sophisticated international romance? It does not exactly move, but then, if it did it might be worse.

■ **That's Entertainment:** The very nicest mishmash of old musical scenes from MGM, a feast for lovers of old films, good film comedy, and musicals that were . . . musical.

■ **2001: A Space Odyssey:** The breakthrough 1968 sci-fi film going the rounds again and pulling 'em into the theatres in droves. Richard Strauss never had it so popular.

■ **Uptown Saturday Night:** A funky Negro comedy with Sidney Poitier and Bill Cosby as two average Joes hot on the trail of a lost winning lottery ticket; Harry Belafonte as a high yellow Godfather; Flip Wilson as da preacher; Roscoe Lee Browne vamping as a pompous congresshuman, and much, much more.

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did not even reveal it to Bernstein. The source was nicknamed "Deep Throat." At one point, "Deep Throat" says that the Administration was bugging throughout its tenure, and that the bugging of the Democratic National Committee in the Watergate was "only natural." "The arrests in the Watergate sent everybody off the edge because the break-in *could* uncover *the whole program.*"

At many other times the authors say that such and such a source said Watergate and Segretti were just "the tip of the iceberg."

In fact, no responsible authority has even hinted that the instigation of the activities of the "plumbers" was the same as that of the Watergate bugging.

Far more important, at least so far, no responsible person has suggested that there was an iceberg under that tip. There was no massive nationwide wiretapping operation, no wholesale campaign disruption, no emerging police state. There were just a few dirty tricks and the Watergate break-in and coverup. But Bernstein and Woodward repeatedly seek to leave the impression that had it not been for their intervention, Nixon would have been inaugurated in 1976 to the singing of the Horst Wessel Song.

But if Bernstein and Woodward are trying to indict the whole Administration on the basis of scattered facts and many half-truths, they make it clear where they got their inspiration. Benjamin Bradlee, millionaire editor of the *Washington Post*, and Katharine Graham, multimillionaire owner of the *Post*, are pictured as having an almost psychopathic hatred for the Nixon Administration, and an image of the world as the oyster of the wealthy liberal.

Observe Bradlee, for example, when he learns of the resignations of Ehrlichman, Dean, and Haldeman: "For a split second Ben Bradlee's mouth dropped open with an expression of sheer delight. Then he put one cheek on the desk, eyes closed and repeatedly banged the desk with his right fist. . . Bradlee couldn't restrain himself. He strode into the *Post*'s vast fifth floor newsroom and shouted across rows of desks to Woodward . . . 'Not bad, Bob. Not half bad!' [Another editor] interjected a note of caution. 'We can't afford to gloat.' "

If that does not seem to be an image of an impartial editor, another image of Bradlee at the helm raises questions about his recognition of the world around him. At one point he is considering the possibility that Mrs. Graham may be subpoenaed for notes, and that of course she would refuse the subpoena and then go to jail. Bradlee says, "And my God, the lady says she'll go. Then the judge can have that on his conscience. Can't you see the pictures of her limousine pulling up to the Women's Detention Center, and out gets our gal, going to jail to uphold the First Amendment? . . . There might be a revolution."

It is somehow a perfect encapsulation of the views of people like Bradlee to imagine a revolution over a rather stocky woman in a limousine going to jail. The masses will rise up to save the limousine for Katharine Graham!

The book ends before the most sensational disclosures, which of course were made by Richard Nixon himself. And of course, the book does not mention that the case was really broken, according to the Justice Department, by the President's ordering his staff to testify without taking any claims of privilege before the Grand Jury.

The result is a book which exaggerates enormously the importance of the Bernstein-Woodward connection. The value of the book therefore lies not so much in what it says about Watergate, as in what it tells us about reportorial techniques and about the well-to-do liberal image of the world. As such, it is fluent and interesting reading.

Benjamin Stein

Revolutionaries

by E.J. Hobsbawm
Pantheon $7.95

MY IMPRESSION of Eric Hobsbawm before reading his latest book, was founded on two distinct memories. One was related to his exhaustive treatment of various insurrectionary movements. Christian millenarianism, Latin anarchism, the Jacobins, and revolutionary brigands all figured prominently in his past writings. The second memory was of a graying Englishman in a three-piece suit who, following a seminar at a gathering of the American Historical Association, paid me a compliment for a paper I had just given on Marxism. Only later did I learn that I had been chatting with an eminent Marxist. He had spoken about my presentation with unexpected generosity, although its content could not have been entirely agreeable to one of his persuasion. The effect of the goodwill produced thereby was to impair my critical judgment regarding his activities. When Malcolm Muggeridge, in panning Hobsbawm's most recent work in *Esquire*, made pointed reference to his Communist affiliation, I heard myself muttering "Dirty Pool." This lapse of critical judgment was in the past, however, for the volume being considered has relieved me of any such inhibition.

Revolutionaries consists mostly of commissioned reviews and articles, together with autobiographical notes, all written between the mid-sixties and 1972 and all marked by a depressing doctrinal consistency. As a Communist of forty years' standing, it is not surprising that Hobsbawm should toe the party line as often as he does. What is far more annoying is that his orthodoxy interferes with his attempt to be truly analytical. Thus he ends a generally somber piece on the German Communist Party during the interwar period by sounding a rather incongruous hymn to the Ulbricht regime. Whatever their failures in having misunderstood Hitler and in hastening the burial of Weimar Germany, the German Communists were now supposedly doing what few other parties would ever have the chance to do. They were "actually building new societies," where, unlike the western part of their land, the Nazi spirit was no longer tolerated. Would it be too impertinent to ask at what price in human lives and freedom this experiment was being performed?

Hobsbawm's ideology similarly interferes with his discussion of the Spanish Civil War. In at least two essays, he castigates the anarchists for the failure of the Loyalist side. The problem, as Hobsbawm sees it, stems from the inability of the Communists to take power when the monarchy fell and from their failure to eliminate their opposition between 1931 and 1936; as a result, the Spanish Left was dominated by the "libertarian gestures" of the non-Communists within it and the revolution foredoomed even before the Civil War. One is tempted of course to ask what effect the cannibalism practiced by Stalinists against their fellow leftists during the struggle had in causing the eventual Loyalist defeat. This, Hobsbawm remarks, is "too complex for cursory treatment and I shall therefore omit discussion of it," though it should be said in fairness that one footnote in his book does discuss the outrages of the Stalinists in Spain. On the other hand, Hobsbawm justifies their barbarism at least indirectly, since it was supposedly the Communists' failure to seize control of the revolution by any means possible, and from any rival for power, that led to the victory of the counterrevolution.

In an essay on the anti-Soviet Marxist Karl Korsch, the author finds his subject historically irrelevant for rejecting Stalin's Russia as "etatiste and totalitarian." Hobsbawm also notes, right in the midst of the most massive and widely publicized Soviet military buildup since the Second World War, that "Still, by and large, Communist governed states have been passionately civilian minded." So much for the objectivity of historians!

The last part of the book, a statement of self-vindication, dwells on the making of Hobsbawm's own Communist identity. Growing up as a member of the Jewish middle-class culture of central Europe between the two wars, he regarded Communism as one of the few suitable answers to the precarious social existence of his group. In the 1920s "what could young Jewish intellectuals become—? Not liberals of any kind since the word of liberalism (which included social democracy) was precisely what had collapsed. As Jews we were precluded by definition from supporting parties based on confessional allegiance, or on a nationalism which excluded Jews, and in both cases on anti-Semitism." Trapped in this quandary, thinkers from his background "became either Communists—or if we chose our own version of blood-and-soil nationalism, Zionists."

This assertion might be accurate in reflecting its author's youthful anxieties, but it does not hold water as a generalization. Many intellectuals who shared his religious and cultural heritage were neither Communists nor declared Zionists. Some, like Hans Joachim Schoeps, became monarchists and others, like Ernst Kantorowicz, conservative nationalists. I would not propose that such political stances were characteristic of all central European Jews. But then neither were the convictions of Hobsbawm. Most of his coreligionists living in Germany and Austria before and after the First World War, identified themselves politically with the center-Left; only a minority, even of the educated classes, ever joined the Communist or Zionist movements. Perhaps Hobsbawm is right in describing Communism as one of several choices open to the German Jewish youth of his generation. But it was not the dominant choice of his generation. And it was not the dominant choice of most of the pre-World War II Jewish intelligentsia of central Europe. Why it was the only choice for him, on the other hand, and why he has remained loyal to his decision for over four decades, in spite of all chilling grounds for disenchantment, are questions never answered to my satisfaction.

Hobsbawm takes as much pain in vindicating the rank-and-file Communists he has known over the years as he does in defending his own political credentials. Against the assumptions of "witch hunting" Cold Warriors, he asserts that the majority of the English Communist Party were "neither deviant nor individually alienated." Most Party members sprang from families with long certified radical traditions. The same was true of their brothers in France and Italy, though on the continent the struggle against fascism also brought a multitude of intellectuals into the fold. Thus there were no "authoritarian personalities similar to the Fascists," but primarily idealists and radicals *de la vieille souche*, active in the European Communist Parties.

One need not wonder why Hobsbawm would react so vehemently against any charge of perversion among his comrades. Fortunately, I have never met a Cold Warrior, even quasi-literate, who claimed that most Communists are deviants, and so I am a bit mystified by his repeated assault on this particular accusation. As for the authoritarian personality, it was the radical Left—guided by such figures as Theodor Adorno, Herbert Marcuse, and Erich Fromm—not the Right, that first developed this concept. By means of it, one could brand any opponent of socialism not only as politically wrong-headed but also as emotionally abnormal. Unhappily the personality type being described could be as easily applied to leftist as to rightist fanatics, a reality which impartial scholars, much to the chagrin of the originators of this idea, eventually began to point out. The ideological use of psychology, nonetheless, has always been the special bag of the intellectual Left. Hobsbawm intends to keep it that way, by insisting that we ascribe the rigidity and sadomasochism of authoritarian personalities exclusively to fascists and their sympathizers, but never to Communists and theirs.

There are questions that conservative thinkers have asked themselves about Western Communists and fellow travelers, and perhaps one might pose them here without assuming the risk of being called a "witch hunter." First, how can we explain the fidelity of Western intellectuals to a social system whose triumph would end both the freedom and cultural ferment essential for their mental survival? Or, put more crudely: Why should a Sartre or Hobsbawm, with such crass predictability, defend governments intent on putting dissenters into concentration camps and lunatic asylums, against a state which protects

their right to speak out against it? Then there is the need for historical perspective. How did reforming iconoclasts of the thirties—e.g., Lincoln Steffens, Anatole France, and Heinrich Mann—come to believe that, by denouncing Stalin's atrocities, one would lose the only viable model for a just society? Also, how could intellectuals have convinced themselves that the best defense against the brutality of fascism lay in embracing a movement whose leaders were then committing the foulest acts since the days of Tamurlaine's legions?

According to David Caute, such blindness resulted from its victims' almost reckless attachment to the Enlightenment dream of making men rational by totally reordering their social existence. Raymond Aron has approached the same questions by analyzing the imperious need for commitment among the modern intelligentsia and their fear of becoming increasingly superfluous in an advanced technological society. More recently, Irving Kristol has come to similar conclusions through his examination of the conflict between the middle-class values of material comfort and ordered liberty and the intellectual's craving for a heroic existence. The ethos of revolt contained in the movements of the radical Left is peculiarly suited to satisfy this romantic passion, although neither Kristol nor Aron has found any intrinsic reason why a resurgent radical Right could not eventually do the same.

These observations would no doubt be anathema to Hobsbawm, but they do reveal more than his apologetics. It should be conceded that there are definite merits apparent in his book. As an old-line Marxist, he expresses justified reservations about much of the New Left's theatrics, urging its followers not to confuse sexual revolt with a program for social revolution. He also states the case for censorship in American society, albeit in Marxist jargon, with great astuteness: "Liberal toleration and freedom of expression help to saturate the atmosphere with those images of blood and torture which are so incompatible with the liberal ideal of a society based on consent and moral force." The same argument can be made against the toleration of hard-core pornography; for while censorship in this area might not jibe with "liberal toleration," it might be necessary for preserving the moral foundation of a free society. Whatever the value of such occasional insights, Hobsbawm still lets the best question go begging: Not why, at some distant point in the past, he first became a Communist, but why he has chosen to remain one. If there is an answer to that question, it cannot be discovered in *Revolutionaries*.

Paul Gottfried

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz & California Split

TO BE LOVEABLE, you have to start out being loved. There is no other route, and trying the other routes leads to being not only unloveable, but unlovely. That is the hard lesson that David "Duddy" Kravitz learns, to his pain and the heartache of the people around him in *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*.

Duddy Kravitz, a Canadian film about a young Jewish man on the make in postwar Montreal, is the best film that has been made to date on the etiology and ontology of the pusher, the hustler, the Sammy Glick character that we all know and despise. It is the best film of this kind because it does not simply take Duddy Kravitz as he is, a creep, but looks at him and tries to show how he got that way, and how he would like to be different.

It is an old story in real life, but it hardly ever shows up in movies. A young man sets out to make the world love him and respect him because his family did not when he was a child. Because he has never known about being loved, he does not know how to love, and when he tries to get love he cannot give anything substantial in return. He seeks power and money, thinking they will generate love, but they do not. And in clawing his way up, he has to become progressively more hardened and unloveable, and thus more distant from his original goal.

Duddy Kravitz is the son of a cabdriver whose wife died when Duddy was a baby. "Did *she* love me?" Duddy asks his father in one of the movie's many affecting scenes. The father and a rich uncle have always favored Duddy's older brother and treated Duddy as if he did not count.

So Duddy will become father to himself and show everyone. He goes to work as a waiter at the Canadian equivalent of the Catskills. The other waiters, who are all college boys, make cruel fun of Duddy and torment him with tricks. But Duddy plods on, being alternately tough and servile, and gets more tips than anyone else.

He seeks solace with a French-Canadian maid, but when she shows him her secret hideaway lake, all he can think about is how great it would be to subdivide its shoreline. He has, at age eighteen, lost the ability to love.

He returns to Montreal after the summer and begins to work on his project—acquiring the lake and the land surrounding it. He involves everyone he can—his girlfriend, a pathetic epileptic hillbilly, friends, even his grudging father. He even becomes involved in drug smuggling very briefly. But then he sees the whole thing about to fall apart and can only save his scheme by stealing from the now crippled epileptic hillbilly.

There is a tinge of sorrow coloring the entire process. At one point, Duddy has to clean up after his older brother's messes, for example, while his older brother gets the love and admiration and Duddy gets left with the refuse. At another point Duddy is talking to his dying uncle, to whom he is acting with uncharacteristic toughness, considering that the uncle has just offered him a large amount of money to look after his business. Duddy explains why: "You always had time for my brother, but you never had time for me."

Similarly, Duddy's relations with the French-Canadian girl are pitiful. She tries desperately to show him that he is worthy as himself, regardless of his accomplishments. But he is simply too driven to respond, and she eventually leaves him over disgust with his theft from the cripple.

At the beginning of the movie, the camera homes in on Duddy's father as he sits in a corner bar telling about a boyhood acquaintance who has become a rich mobster. The movie ends with the twenty-year-old entrepreneur Duddy strutting down the street with the voice of his father saying, "Now, Duddy was no genius in school, but when he got out, he pulled every string he could get, yeah, and he bought a whole lake, and that was just his start . . . ."

Duddy has passed on into the folklore of those who will come after him and who will also try to win love and appreciation by becoming a success and running roughshod over the very people whose love they want to win.

The screenplay is based on a book by Mordecai Richler and the direction is by Ted Kotcheff. Richard Dreyfuss, of *American Graffitti* fame, plays Duddy. Together they give us a compassionate picture of the s.o.b. as a human being and they show us how he got that way. The movie helps us to understand about people around us, if not about ourselves.

Robert Altman also likes to tell us about compulsion while entertaining us. And if his portrayals do not reach so deep as those in *Duddy Kravitz*, and if they are not as trenchant, they are at least a form of painless learning. His portrayal of the life of a detective in *The Long Goodbye* was the finest detective story ever on film. His newest effort, *California Split*,

is several notches below that, but is still a fine piece of work in the same vein.

This movie is about a few weeks in the lives of two compulsive gamblers. George Segal is a superficially respectable magazine writer and only goes off on a gambling bender occasionally—at first. Elliott Gould, on the other hand, has no pretensions of being anything other than a gambling addict. He does not work, his clothes hang on him like a scarecrow, and he has no fixed address.

When the two men encounter each other at a casino, they strike up a fast friendship. The men and director Altman take us on a plotless but fascinating tour of the gambling spots and dives along the Las Vegas–Los Angeles axis. The men simply gamble and then stop, then gamble some more, then stop, then repeat the pattern over and over again.

But while this repetitious and ineluctable nightmare of obsession occasionally grows tedious, it is by and large a gripping vision of the landscape of the haunted and obsessed person. Every spot, every event, every person becomes something to be cranked into the odds-making machine which is in the gambler's head. Even sex becomes unimportant compared to the possibilities of winning. Even the possibility of losing becomes hypnotic. It is in the act of hazarding something upon chance that all of the potentialities for human fulfillment seem to be concentrated. For Gould and Segal, all time between gambling is simply void, even though they recognize you cannot gamble all of the time.

Segal and Gould will bet on anything. They are oblivious to their surroundings so long as gambling is going on. Segal is at first diverted by Gould's living with two Las Vegas hookers, but he later comes to be repelled by it and to return his attention only to the game. Affection, his job, his possessions, all are immaterial compared to the bet, when he is in a betting mood, which becomes always.

That in itself is interesting, but Altman has done his director's job so well as to make it more than that. He has directed brilliantly, making the most effective use of soundtrack that I can remember. There is a constant background of conversation, street noise, casino babble, bar chatter, anything which gives the impression of constant movement through places where people are alive.

It is reported that Altman used up to sixteen microphones in a single scene to pick up the noise. It is a technique borrowed from rock records, but it works. There is a feeling of perpetual motion throughout the movie, as if the energy that was focused at the moment of the bet had always been charging the atmosphere, so that it could be gathered up by Gould's and Segal's presence, and then discharged in the bet.

Kravitz and Gould and Segal are haunted characters, living in a haunted world, peopled by obsessions and compulsions that are not ordinary in their means of expressions, although fundamentally ordinary and common. In these two movies our own needs and wants are shown to us as if in a funhouse mirror. They are distorted, but they are better than no mirror at all. And they do not hurt a bit. □

Book Review

Intellectual Skywriting

Literary Politics and the *New York Review of Books*

By Philip Nobile
Charterhouse $7.95

EVERYTHING GOOD in the book is borrowed. The title was taken from Robert Heilbroner, the conclusion off the wall of a Dublin pub: "When sex is good it's the most beautiful thing in the world. But when sex is bad, it's still pretty good." In between, Mr. Nobile pads out other opinions to make a book, his original intention having been to write a magazine article. And when he is being himself he resorts to the unnamed source—in a book chockablock with names—so that the homemade revelations are lost to conjecture.

Who is the "well-known New York cartoonist and writer who remarked . . ."? Never mind what he remarked, although I would not quarrel with what he said: "Bob Silvers [editor of the *New York Review*] is . . . the headwaiter of journalism." And while we are asking the questions, who is the "writer of middling renown [who] used to appear often in the *Review*"? Seems he had a falling out with Mr. Silvers and—poof!—he was seen there no more. More.

"The person on the other end of the line [he is talking to the author on the telephone], a Jew and an academic, who moved Left after Kent State, while Podhoretz was passing him in the other direction, decided there was no convergence possible." Never mind the "convergence," but who is he? Why keep him hidden, and the reader in the dark? There is more of this, but I can't resist one more quote: "Silvers knew, says one Zionist elder of the *Review*, that. . . ." Since there are no Zionists on the *Review* (and even Mr. Nobile knows that) what's all this about "Zionist elders"? What's the conspiracy the author is trying to expose? Zionists? Elders? Elders of Zion? Is something troubling our author? I really would like to know who this "Zionist elder" was who told him "Silvers would be unhappy with Chomsky's [anti-Zionist] piece on Israel"?

It seems Mr. Nobile is uptight on the subject of Zionists and Jews. Which is a pity. It's what makes his book fail substantially where it might have been useful, if not earth-shaking, had he been able to cope intelligently with the problem of the New York intellectual. But how could a boy brought up by the Pauline Fathers come to grips with the Yeshiva boys from the City Colleges of New York? So he seeks solace in namedropping, awed by Big Names, running them all together in one breathless sentence, thus: "Aiken ArendtGenoveseHampshireHardingKazin LaschLowellMorgenthauCruiseO'BrienRahv RosenWilliams," with spot duty from Berlin Borges Coles EllmanEllsbergMedawar Woodward." This highfalutin grouping he refers to as an unbeatable "murderers' row."

Well, barely three or four of the names appear with any frequency in the *Review*; some have shown up only once; one or two—certainly no more—have shown up two or three times in the last dozen years. So what's all the huffing and the puffing about?

Where Mr. Nobile bogs down completely, however, is his incapacity to comprehend the literary politics of the men and women whom he is engaged in soothing and savaging. To throw a theologic curve at them out of the Pauline seminary is to show off, not to enlighten. Just because the author is convinced that he can pick out the "Jew-in-the-crowd" doesn't mean he can do it even if his intentions are well meant. (He was talking about illustrator David Levine's physiognomy.) The special brand of Catholic hubris he threw at the Irvings and Normans and Bobs and Barbaras—the Howes and Podhoretzes and Epsteins and Silverses—by flaunting his "hyperduliacs" at them is just not fair. What the hell are they supposed to know about that? The editors have trouble enough coping with simple grammar—"Neither time nor space have been spent on books" is only one of their more inelegant solecisms. If truth be told, they would have a hard time distinguishing between a litotes and a leotard, a campanile and a silo. So enough, already! After all, they are not publishing a *literary* review, or even a book review. The *NYR* is something special. It's a dull, mostly boring fortnightly given over to the politics of the Left. Not, it is true, the politics of the organized or institutionalized Left, but the academic Left. And thereby hangs a tale.

Most of the *Review*'s revenue derives from university press advertising. When it was founded, during the newspaper strike in 1963, the very clever Mr. Robert Benjamin Silvers thought to fill the vacuum provided by the absence of the *New York Times Book Review*, which got very little of the university loot because it re-

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Current Wisdom

I, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., wish to take this opportunity to thank the anonymous practical jokester who entered a subscription to Ms. magazine for Ms. R. E. Tyrrell. "Current Wisdom" was running short of goofball tusheries, for many radicals, ritualistic liberals, and primitive rightists apparently have wearied of making fools of themselves. Fortunately the shrews of America are more resolute. This one gazette is such a gold mine of delightful lunacy, I shall never again have to rummage through dreadful stuff like The Nation. *Thank you my arch feminist, whoever you are, you are a real dumpling.*

—RET

A MYTH SCOTCHED: An intellectual reader of Ms., the journal of the feverish brow, elegantly elucidates "a problem" and lays low a myth:

I am 16. I am a virgin, and I wish to remain a virgin until I decide I am emotionally capable of handling the situation. One of the most distressing situations I have run into as a feminist deals with sex.

Last summer I mentioned that I was for the Equal Rights Amendment and got into an argument with a dude about it. We went through the issues—divorce laws, equal employment, child care, and so forth, and finally got to the issue of sex. I told him I was a virgin. His immediate response was, "You can't *really* be for 'Women's' Lib, then. You're not sexually liberated." I was so (expletive deleted) pissed!

The fact that I am a virgin and wish to remain so does not contradict that fact that I am a feminist. He didn't understand. This is definitely a problem. A lot of dudes that I run into think that a "Women's Libber" is an easy piece of ass. I wish to deny this myth.

—*Ms.*
September 1974

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERATION: A generous sentiment blooms on the wonderful pages of Ms.:

Let's not bend over backward praising fathers who participate in childbirth ("Fatherhood," May, 1974). When a woman lends her emotional support to her husband's labors, it is taken for granted. Any man who loves his wife should be expected to perform the same duty. The fact is that women *give birth* to their children. I was glad to have my husband and my doctor help, but I would like to take full credit for my labors.

—*Ms.*
September 1974

BOYCOTT SHOES: The sage of Cherry Hill drolly surveys the vast expanse of oppression in America:

I just saw an ad which advertised two types of Buster Brown shoes. The boys' shoes are "Dashers" while the girls' shoes are "Dumplings."

Ah, me, the long way we've come has only shown us the long way we have yet to go.

—*Ms.*
September 1974

"Whom the gods destroy, they

first make mad" — Euripides

ON THE COUCH: An intimate glimpse into the budgetary conundrums of a typical Ms. schizophrenic. On the one hand she's an economically moronic egalitarian zealot, on the other hand she's an obvious Scrooge—and how do you suppose she feels about the minimum wage law when it affects employers beyond herself?:

It occurred to me the other day to wonder at the discrepancy in wages that I pay to those high school students who baby-sit and those who do lawn-cutting and gardening for me. Most of the "lawn and garden" people, who happen to be boys, ask for a dollar an hour. Most of the baby-sitters, who usually happen to be girls, ask 75 cents an hour.

Now I ask myself, is caring for my children less important, less valuable, less a responsibility? Or is lawn-cutting and gardening considered harder and more taxing physical work? (Two active children under five can be pretty hard, taxing physical work, *too.*) Or *is it that boys just ask for and* receive high wages from the beginning? And is it that child care is, anyway, considered to be "women's work" and not deserving of pay? Click!

—*Ms.*
September 1974

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES: Senator Walter Mondale, the Aristotle of Ceylon, Minnesota, divulges the result of some abstruse researches:

There are more Democrats than Republicans because Democrats are basically warmer people.

That was the thesis Saturday of U.S. Sen. Walter Mondale in support of his belief that Democrats will fare well in the 1974 and 1976 elections.

The Democrats, he said, being basically warmer people, have more children.

The Republicans, by contrast, he said, are basically colder people, and basically a grouchy lot.

"That's why they look so bad all the time," he theorized.

Being basically colder, he said, Republicans have less children.

"That is why there are more of us," he said triumphantly.

But there's a danger in the rule, Mondale observed. Being basically warm blooded, the Democrats have more of a tendency to fight among themselves and insist on the perfection of their own ideas.

That is the way Republicans sometimes get elected, he explained.

—*San Antonio Express-News*
March 10, 1974

THE LONG MARCH: On marches progressive liberalism, an ideology of endless causes:

At 10 or 12, children in really messy situations should have the legal right to petition for removal from impossible families, and those rights should be reasonably easy to exercise.

—*The New Republic*
June 15, 1974

SOUNDS OF THE SIXTIES: Professor James O. Robertson longs for yesteryear:

If men and women are to be treated as equals in adult American society, they must be treated as equals in the schools. That requires a revolution in the schools.

—*The New York Times*
July 17, 1974

POST-WATERGATE PURITY: The INDIANAPOLIS STAR reports a scene from the 1974 Indiana Democratic Convention, illustrative of just how close the Democrats are to realizing their pledge to "Wipe out political corruption in our life-time":

Irving L. Thomas Sr., a gray-haired Gary man with a "Schreiber" button on his diamond-checked sports coat, approached the table to sign his name prior to entering the voting booth.

"I'm sorry sir," the clerk said. "Your name is already signed here as having voted. Isn't this your signature?"

"It is not," Thomas replied indignantly. "That man in front of me in line signed my name there. I wondered why he was doing that."

"I'll tell you why, Thomas," said a friend. "He just up and stole your vote."

"I've been robbed," Thomas said, raising a ruckus as he refused to move out of line. "My civil rights has done been violated."

"You a babe in the woods, Thomas," said a fellow delegate, choking on his laughter. "Here I done voted twice already and you ain't voted at all."

"It ain't no laughing matter," he replied. "I just got ripped off by some slick dude."

While Thomas, a postal worker and follower of Gary Mayor Richard Hatcher, was explaining his plight to a series of convention officials, a young woman approached another Lake County machine and calmly tried to vote under the name of George Adams.

"She dropped her voice and talked real deep," an election official said, "but, I could still tell she wasn't really George Adams."

While Thomas continued his protests, a heavyset Lake County man in a blue shirt and a crushed golf hat was spotted in the voting line for the second time by a friendly opponent.

"Hey, James, get out of that line," his friend hollered. "You too big and ugly to try and vote twice. No one can help but notice you."

James staggered sideways, laughing and slapping palms, and allowed as how it was always worth a try.

—*Indianapolis Star*
June 19, 1974

Correspondence

To the Editor:

Somebody has sent me a complimentary subscription to your magazine. This is to express my thanks. As a New Yorker might say, this is the best thing to come out of Kansas since the *Emporia Gazette*.

The current piece by Walter Berns is fine. He might have pushed further on, to make the point that in a crucial sense the rehabilitationist view of punishment, with its stress on psychiatric explanation and correction, eliminates the significance of guilt. But this may be inhumane to the criminal himself. Once the balance between crime and punishment is abandoned, the idea of expiation is also eliminated; guilt disappears. But the very idea of guilt implies maturity: one is held accountable for what one does, and one does repay. The standard view of things is that only children and the insane are not held accountable in this sense. Dr. Menninger's view thus implicitly strips the criminal of a crucial, presumptive attribute of being a responsible person. His view, purporting to be redemptive, is actually demeaning.

Paul Seabury
Professor of Political Science
University of California
Berkeley, California

To the Editor:

Walter Berns should be hanged for his article on capital punishment (October 1974). His argument is so forceful, it is deceptively convincing. But just think of some of the impliciations of what he is saying!

Mr. Berns asks us, in considering capital punishment, not to seek the preservation of "*mere* life" but the affirmation of some more fulfilling and meaningful life. What kind of more fulfilling life, he never explains. Isn't this argument analagous to the arguments for abortion, euthanasia, and other murderous acts? Don't the aborters of the world justify their slaughters by saying they are affirming life rather than denying it, in granting life only to those truly wanted?

Mr. Berns discredits "*mere* life." But who is to say whose life is *mere*? The logic involved in how the taking of life, under any circumstances, can be said to affirm life, certainly escapes me.

Elizabeth Huntington
Greencastle, Indiana

To the Editor:

I was shocked, dismayed, and disgusted to read your comments about one of my favorite singers, Mama Cass Elliott, in October's chapter of "The Continuing Crisis."

To joke about a subject as serious as death is sinful and to belittle Miss Elliott's "controversial girth" is shameful.

Mama Cass was, and always will be, one of my favorite singers. When I read the news reports of her death, I was deeply saddened and thought of the wish she had once put into song—"Dream a Little Dream of Me."

The Alternative is a wretched rag and I am terminating my gift subscription.

I'm dreaming of you, Cass.

N. Greene
West Palm Beach, Florida

To the Editor:

I recently came across a pamphlet distributed by the United States Industrial Council reprinting an article which I gather was published in your magazine: Neil Howe's "Defending Capitalism" (March 1974).

I have been interested in the subject Mr. Howe deals with for over forty years, and in my considered judgment, his is one of the most concise and elegant short essays ever to have appeared on capitalism and the grounds over which it should be debated.

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Howe that economic efficiency arguments are inadequate for defending capitalism, for the attractions of alternative social structures and economic systems are clearly not based on rationalistic considerations. May I submit, however, one reason I think defenders of capitalism developed the tendency to rely more on economic than on moral support for their arguments?

The reason is, that in its formative stages, capitalism was attacked on moral grounds. The profit motive—the guiding spirit of capitalism—ran counter to Church dogma, at least originally. And as capitalism grew more powerful — as capitalistic enclosures drove commoners off the land and into the industrial proletariat—capitalism was condemned for wrenching people out of their traditional ways of life, often against their wishes. When the new conditions of the displaced were as squalid as they were in the nineteenth century, the moral argument against capitalism could draw particular strength.

The apostles of capitalism could not defend their new faith on moral grounds. They could not defend the profit motive and laissez faire against traditional notions of just price, by appealing to justice. Individual selfishness in economic life was held to be morally wrong; the defenders of capitalism had to show that the benefits of the profit motive would extend not only to entrepreneurs but to everybody. Defenders of capitalism could not justify the seeming miseries of the urban proletariat that capitalism thrived on unless they could show, in the long run, that the general standard of living would rise.

Let us look, for example, at typical arguments in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in England, one of the critical periods for the emergence of capitalism. The issue is the price of wheat during a year of a poor harvest, and in particular, the issue is whether merchants may let the price rise according to the supply and demand forces of the market. The traditionalist argued that merchants should not raise prices, for to do so would be to make profit at the expense of the hungry; and indeed, laws of centuries' standing forbade merchants from so raising their wheat prices. The defender of capitalism could not argue the moral advantages of reliance on the market, when the debate was set in these terms. He had to show the economic advantages (which of course had their moral implications). He had to show how restraining prices would misallocate resources and would destroy an incentive system which in the long run would provide plentiful grain supplies. This is exactly how Adam Smith and his disciples argued.

In short, the economic defense of capitalism emerged as a response to traditional and largely Christian moral opposition, based on considerations of mercy. Market capitalism can be a merciless force, bringing misery to many individuals. To argue against the criticism based on mercy, the defender of capitalism had to show that in the long run, capitalism would bring more pleasure to more people, and hence he had to argue economically. Insofar as current assaults on capitalism are relics of traditional Christian opposition to it, modern defenders of capitalism either must resort to economic arguments or must demonstrate that alternatives to capitalism are even more merciless.

Jasper Stephens
St. Louis, Missouri

To the Editor:

As one of the founding members of the Harding Society, I was overjoyed to see a drawing of my hero on the cover of your latest issue, especially with the title, "Our Great Leaders." You can imagine how upset I was then as I read Mr. Tyrrell's editorial, for I detected a touch of sarcasm in Mr. Tyrrell's tone. Comparing Harding to the likes of Fillmore and Kennedy—surely Mr. Tyrrell was trying to perpetrate some joke at our twenty-ninth president's expense.

Warren Harding was elected by the second greatest landslide in American history. Some of his Cabinet members may have been involved in scandal, but he made some very distinguished appointments otherwise, including Herbert Hoover, Charles Evans Hughes, and Andrew Mellon. In working for repeal of high income and excess profits taxes, Harding helped usher in the era of prosperity in the 1920s. And he was president at the beginning of what one of your own writers, John Chamberlain, called the "most creative" decade of our century.

People kick Harding around too much. I thought you were going to stick up for him, but I was sorely disappointed.

Phillip Stanton
Findlay, Ohio

To the Editor:

Every magazine put together quickly has its distortions and its inaccuracies, even *The Alternative*. So I didn't think the errors James Grant pointed out in the way *Newsweek* reported Baltimore news were so egregious.

The deliberate distortion he talks about was really only a silly insertion that did nobody any harm. The gross inaccuracy in reporting the Baltimore strike was, well—gross inaccuracy—but that's something we might have to expect from a newsweekly written and edited by fallible people.

Where I would fault *Newsweek* is not so much in its inaccuracies as in its failure to correct its inaccuracies. But to my knowledge, not one major newspaper or magazine in this country is really concerned about correcting any misinformation or misinterpretation it might be conveying. That's a strange state of affairs for a profession which so righteously proclaims its dedication to truth.

Hastings Longstreet, M. D.
Harrison, New York

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

Fellow liberals take note: there are contradictions in our noble movement. Neither the fundamental change of Professor Galbraith nor the milder tonics prescribed by his more moderate colleagues can change mankind. The sobering rule is that man adapts. The voice of science exhorts all enlightened Americans to sit on their hands.

I bequeath this polemical strategy to my brothers and sisters in the extreme wings of the ecology and consumer movements and pass on.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

(continued from page 32)

viewed few college items. At the same time it offered an opportunity to fill the pockets of his "stinking rich" backers. (That's Mr. Nobile's designation.) Now these super-rich men out of the Social Register like to get their revolutionary thrills vicariously, up to and including the details of how to make Molotov cocktails (*New York Review of Books*, August 24, 1967), only slightly suppressing a depressed chuckle when Andrew Kopkind (in the same issue) told them that morality was what came out of the barrel of a gun. It was all so chic, so daring, all so much of a "load of crap," as Richard Rovere said of I. F. Stone's politicking in this egregiously overwritten review of non-books so far as the life of beautiful letters is concerned.

Along the way Mr. Nobile was given a lead that might have provided a focus for his chronologically disjointed book. Midge Decter (Mrs. Norman Podhoretz) told him that "Politics is the religion of the intellectuals," adding: "It's more than just radical chic. The American upper-class WASP, the blueblood, has been radicalized for some time. He hates the country more than the Black Muslims. The literary community has always been in love with the upper class, because they have a common enemy—the bourgeoisie."

But the author preferred to let that pass so he could indulge his own feeling of self-depression: "When the odor of repression was all around us," Mr. Nobile snorts, "[Podhoretz] and his *Commentary* Gridleys said we never smelled so good." Even as bad taste this smells bad.

Nevertheless, if you want to know how Wrong (Dennis) was wrong (he put the knee to the *Review* in *Commentary* in 1970 (and the Left right; if you want to hear what Truman lithped into the scholarly ears of the editors of *Rolling Stone* (something about the "Zionist Mafia"); if you want to read a sampling of *Review* personals, or how closely Random House (and its subsidiaries) get favored *Review* treatment, and how clever it was for the editors to gobble up the powerful pre-publication Kirkus review service; if you want small chit-chat about the poli-lit highjinks of the eastern intelligentsia, you'll probably get a kick out of the book. Me? I would be a churl if I didn't say a good word for a publication that gives unlimited space to book reviewers even if the books they are reviewing are often worth no more than a slight nod.

Max Geltman

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